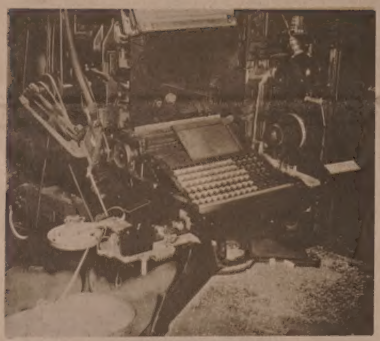
THE DAILY ASTORIAN
SECTION A ASTORIA, OREGON CENTENNIAL 1873-1973 EDITION

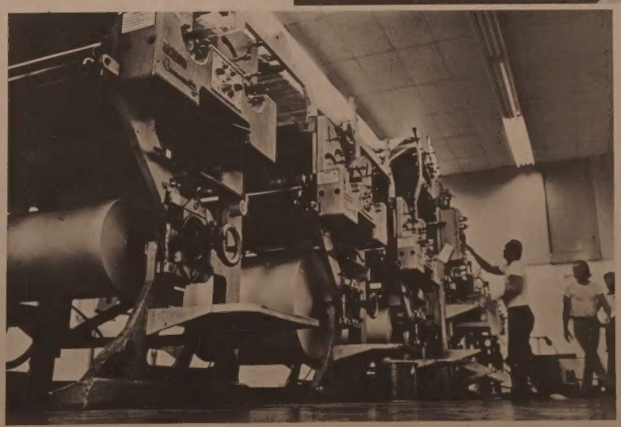
CENTENNIAL

100 Years of The Astorian

A Century Of Print



A history of The Daily Astorian and Its Predecessor Newspapers, Starting with the Tri-Weekly Astorian of 1873.



The 100 Years of The Astorian--an Overview

The Daily Astorian descended directly from two newspapers—the Astorian and the Budget. The Astorian began from the Tri-Weekly Astorian, which was started in 1873—106 years ago.

The newspaperman who started the Tri-Weekly Astorian was one of the most active in early Oregon journalism—DeWitt Clinton Ireland.

Ireland, a Vermont native, was then 37 years old (see Roger Tetlow's story on Ireland). He had been a foot-loose journalist, in the usual style of that day, having worked on papers in Indiana and Detroit, the New York Tribune, the Oregonian, the Oregon City Enterprise and Portland Daily Bulletin. He founded papers in Indiana and Oregon City before starting the Tri-Weekly Astorian.

Astoria did not have a newspaper in 1873. An earlier paper, the Marine Gazette, founded in 1864 by James Newton Gale, had ceased publication two years later, although apparently it had been profitable. Another paper, the Astoria Advocate, came out for a few months in 1873 before folding up.

Ireland set up in the Monitor Building at Cass (now 10th) and Squemoqua (now Commercial). Publication date of the first edition was July 1, 1873.

The Astorian was published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Ireland promised to supply this lack and, as the records show, he was diligent in this effort. The paper prospered.

From that time on, Astoria incorporated as a city in 1856 and only sporadically served by a newspaper in its first 17 years, was never without a newspaper.

A history of Astoria published in the Oregon Historical Quarterly in 1935 has this to say of the early Astorian:

"Its influence on the upbuilding of the town cannot be estimated. The early files of the paper are filled with articles encouraging new enterprises, setting forth the advantages of the town, and recording every new step in its advancement."

By 1876, the paper's third year and the 20th anniversary of Astoria's incorporation, business was so good that Ireland made his newspaper a daily, first issue coming out on May 6.

Ireland evidently had courage. He campaigned for free pilot service, and was opposed by powerful interests.

Ireland also took on the vice interests which were large and little controlled in those days.

IRELAND SOLD THE ASTORIAN in 1881 to John F. Halloran, for $10,000 in gold, and sank the money in a salmon packing venture that failed.

Halloran's first edition of the Astorian appeared Sept. 30, 1881.

The late Percy Sovey, who grew up in Astoria, reminisced about old newspaper days for Harold Haynes, an Astorian-Budget columnist, in 1948.

"In the old Astorian office there was a swinging door with art glass in an upper panel and in that glass had been set a dime, reputed to have been Ireland's entire capital when he launched the Astorian on the sea of journalism."

In 1892 the Astorian made newspaper history by acquiring the first linotype machine on the Pacific Coast.

Halloran and P.W. Parker were at that time publishers. Financial backer of the Astorian was Samuel W. Elmore, one of the major salmon packers of the city.

George Turnbull, of the University of Oregon, author of "History of Oregon Newspapers," says, "Astoria now became a sort of holy city for the printers who wished to keep abreast of their vocation." Turnbull wrote, "There was a constant effort to get work there, and many an operator who has since put in a lifetime on the Linotype learned its operation on the little machine at the mouth of the Columbia."

Mechanical production of type signaled the doom of the "mushroom" papers that had begun to flourish here. They could not afford Linotype machines nor compete with the greater volume of news coverage that owners of Linotypes could provide.

Other changes resulted from the machines. The Astorian began putting headlines on its stories instead of running them in a continuous column, separated only by dashes. It also acquired a genuine telegraphic news report.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF telegraphic reports the telegraph network reached only the major cities. Small papers like the Astorian and its new rival, the Budget, which began in 1893, depended on a "pony report" telephoned from Portland. A reporter wearing earphones took down on a typewriter the news items as they were dictated over the phone.

By the turn of the century, however, telegraph wires brought news right into Astoria and into the newspaper office, where a telegraph operator copied the stories as they came over the wire.

The era of the human telegraph operator continued until the early 1930s, when teletype machines replaced men. News transmitted by wire from city to city was typewritten mechanically at the receiving end.

The Astorian limped along, financially supported by Sam Elmore, through the 1880s. Things looked up in the 1890s, but in 1903 the paper was sold to John S. Dellinger, who published it until his death in 1930, after which his heirs sold the paper to the owners of the Budget, and the two were consolidated.

The paper, incidentally, had changed its name from "Daily Astorian" to "Morning Astorian" prior to 1900.

Meanwhile the daily Budget had come into existence in 1893. It sprang into being as a weekly in 1892, but its history is usually dated from Feb. 16, 1893 when it "went daily."

The paper's founders were Oscar W. Dunbar and John F. Gratke.

Dunbar, a native of the Willamette Valley, is described in Turnbull's book as "one of the most picturesque, fightingest characters ever connected with Oregon journalism."

Dunbar founded his own Astoria newspaper, called Town Talk, and soon managed to get himself thrown into jail for libel.

He dubbed a leading citizen "Slippery Sam;" and castigated him freely. One day he went too far and put in Slippery Sam's surname. Judge Frank Taylor sentenced him to a year in jail for criminal libel.

Dunbar had many friends, and there was much indignation over the severe punishment. Hundreds signed a petition for mercy which was delivered to Gov. Pennoyer. He issued a pardon and Dunbar returned triumphantly to his paper.

TOWN TALK FOLDED AND Dunbar took in young John Gratke, a hometown boy, as his partner in founding the Budget, which had its office at 500 Fourth St. (now 19th).

Dunbar's partner in that enterprise was John S. Dellinger, later to become publisher of the Astorian.

With the departure of Dunbar from the Budget and the purchase of the Astorian by Dellinger, it could be said the pioneer, free-wheeling era in Astoria journalism was ending and that modern newspapering was beginning.

The years around the turn of the century saw the expansion of both the Budget and Astorian into larger, modern newspapers with fuller local news coverage and ample wire news coverage. Cost of publication, with necessary heavy investment in machinery and equipment, put an end to the many small papers that had flourished in the last two decades of the Nineteenth Century.

Competition was keen, but editors were no longer being jailed or threatened with jail for libel, and were being more careful not to publish libelous accusations.

Under Dellinger's regime as publisher, the Astorian had a constant flow of owners passing through its door. He was a demanding taskmaster and would not long tolerate thepresence of those he did not think were doing their job properly. Many a reporter on many a paper throughout the land could recall working at one time for the Morning Astorian.

Dellinger became interested in growing cranberries and established his own plantation at Dellmoor on Clatsop Plains, leaving much of the management of the newspaper to others, including Margaret Reunier, long one ousiness manager, and James H. Cellars, long-time city editor and an extremely able newsman.

In 1919 Gratke decided to get out of the newspaper business in which he had been active for a quarter century. He had an offer from E.B. Aldrich, publisher of the Pendleton East Oregonian, and two of his associates there, Fred W. Lampkin and Lee D. Drake.

The deal was consummated, with Gratke receiving $32,000 cash and the new owners assuming $3,000 in indebtedness.

THE NEW OWNERS TOOK IN Merle R. Chessman, who was news editor of the East Oregonian and a University of Oregon journalism graduate, as a fourth partner in their Astoria enterprise. The Astoria Budget Publishing Co. was incorporated in November, 1919 with Aldrich, Lampkin, Chessman and Drake each owner of one-fourth of the stock. Aldrich and Lampkin remained in Pendleton to operate the East Oregonian. Drake and Chessman came to Astoria, Drake to become business manager and Chessman editor.

The new owners proceeded to develop the Budget as a vigorous participant in community affairs and a fighter for the community's welfare.

Among the early projects in which the paper involved itself was an effort to push the Navy into developing a naval base at Tongue Point. The county had sold $100,000 in bonds to buy the property after a naval board of investigation had recommended the site for a submarine and destroyer base.

The early 1920s were the heyday years of the Ku Klux Klan in Oregon and Astoria had many people who succumbed to the strange lure of this anti-Negro, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic secret organization.

Under editor Chessman, the Budget took on the Klan and fought it vigorously.

In 1922 the Budget and the Astorian began construction of their own new buildings, and both papers moved in during 1922.

The Astorian's new home was on the north side of Duane Street east of 16th, near where the city police station now stands. The Budget's new shop was on the south side of Exchange west of 12th, about where the back delivery ramp of the safeway store is situated.

Then disaster struck both papers. Fire broke out in downtown Astoria the night of Dec. 7, 1922. It swept all through downtown on a wind blew it through the tunnels under the wooden trestle streets. By the morning of Dec. 8 the business district lay in ashes. Both new newspaper plants were in the burned district and both sustained crippling damage.

BOTH NEWSPAPERS SET AN example to the community by rising to the emergency, an example that undoubtedly had much to do with Astoria's rapid recovery from one of the worst disasters ever to hit an American city.

The Budget, its plant inoperable from fire damage, set up shop in the YMCA and issued typed, mimeographed "fire bulletins" throughout the day of Dec. 8. From then on until its plant could be rehabilitated, it borrowed the plant of the Seaside Signal to get out a paper each day.

The Budget's new eight-page flatbed press survived the fire, was rebuilt and put back to work within a few weeks, continuing to grind out papers for years until replaced by a modern tubular press in 1946.

The Astor Street shop was in the basement of a brothel—Astor street was the red light district in those days.

Type was assembled into the forms in this shop and the forms were hand-trucked to the plant of Ilen Tuveri, a Finnish language weekly which stood on Seventh Street west of the Post Office. The Astorian reappeared Dec. 9, having missed just one edition.

In that Dec. 9 edition, the Astorian carried a front page editorial that expressed the spirit of the stricken city:

"Calamity riding on flaming wings has smitten Astoria. The fiery brand has penetrated the vitals of the municipality. Her marts of trade and commerce are destroyed, her people have been driven into the streets by the hundreds, her march toward prosperity has received a grievous setback, a fiery baptism which, like a flaming torch, will lead us onward to greater triumphs....

"Let every citizen unite with common purpose to advance, to grow again; let none lag, let none be downhearted. Every Astorian should echo the cry of those, who called upon to do the impossible and dare the utmost on an embattled front in a foreign land, made their slogan of two simple words:

"'Let's Go!'"

THE ASTORIAN CONTINUED TO operate from the basement of the "rooming house" and print papers on the Tuveri press until its new building at Ninth and Bond was finished in March 1923. This building still stands at the northwest corner there.

Both papers recovered from the fire and prospered, competing keenly to be first with the news. But as the 1930s ended, economic disaster hit the nation and Astoria, too.

Astoria had four banks and Seaside one. As the nation's fiscal structure weakened, ending in the stock market crash of October 1929, two of Astoria's four banks failed and so did the one in Seaside.

In 1930 publisher Dellinger of the Morning Astorian died.

It was becoming apparent that economically depressed Astoria could no longer support two healthy newspapers. Negotiations began between the owners of the Budget and Dellinger's widow, leading to purchase of the Astorian by the Budget in September 1930 for $50,000.

The two papers were merged under the name of Evening Astorian-Budget. The Morning Astorian plant was closed and all operations were transferred to the Budget plant on Exchange street.

Just a year prior to the consolidation, Lee Drake had sold his one-fourth interest in the Budget to Chessman, who became both publisher and editor.

The years following merger of the two papers were ones of economic distress and hardship for the community, and for the newspaper as well.

In the early 1930s Chessman and the Astorian-Budget took the lead in a campaign to force the Navy to redeem its promise to build a naval base at Tongue Point, or to reimburse the county the $100,000 that it had spent to obtain the site and turn it over to the Navy in 1921.

Eventually, with the approach of World War II, success came in the long struggle for Tongue Point. It became a naval air station in 1939.

ANOTHER CAMPAIGN OF THE 1930s in which the paper and its publisher took the lead was the fight for preservation of the Columbia River salmon runs against destruction by power dams.

The paper's interest in the fight to save the salmon led eventually to Chessman's appointment to the Oregon Fish Commission. He later became a member of the Highway Commission and was appointed state senator in 1944 after the death of Sen. Frank Franciscovich. He won re-election in 1945.

As World War II came on, the Astorian-Budget was obviously outgrowing its building and its aging printing plant and was not adequate for a thriving modern paper.

War interrupted plans for a new home. Many of the newspaper's staff personnel entered military service.

As peace came close, owners of the Astorian-Budget acquired the Troy Laundry building at the southwest corner of 10th and Duane for $40,000, and as soon as materials and labor became available, converted it into a modern newspaper plant.

Chessman, meanwhile, was stricken ill on his return from service in the 1945 legislative session. The illness worsened and he died before the new plant was ready for use. His funeral drew many of the state's civic and business leaders, for he had made many state-wide friends and acquaintances throughout his active life.

Chessman's son Robert succeeded him as publisher. He had only recently returned from military service in the European theater with the 41st Division, after five years in the Army. He was named publisher by Aldrich, who by then was the only remaining member of the original group of owners of the Budget. Lampkin had died and Drake had long since sold his interest in the paper.

UNDER ROBERT CHESSMAN, THE transfer to the new plant in the former Troy Laundry was completed, and in 1948 a new Duplex rotary press of 16-page capacity was installed, replacing the old eight-page flatbed. The new press made possible the publication of a larger paper at much greater speed.

Between late 1945, when the new home at 10th and Duane was occupied, and March 1946 when the new press was installed, the old press in the Exchange Street building continued in use. Page forms were trundled each afternoon by hand truck from the new plant to the old.

Under Robert Chessman the Astorian-Budget continued to fight to preserve the salmon industry from the growing number of dams on the Snake and Columbia rivers and the destruction of salmon runs. The fight eventually succeeded and in 1959 and 1961 the legislature in Salem and Washington voted to finance through sale of bonds. Construction began in 1963 and the bridge was opened in 1967.

In 1959 Robert Chessman, his mother and sister decided to dispose of their interest in the paper, and he to leave the publishing business. Chessman died last year in Portland at the age of 51.

Meanwhile Aldrich, last of the original 1919 buyers of the Evening Budget, had died. Members of his family, including Mrs. Aldrich and her two daughters, agreed to buy out the Chessman family's interest. They later acquired Lampkin's interest from his heir, Dorothy Engle.

When the transaction was completed, Morgan Coe, with long experience in the newspaper business, was named publisher.

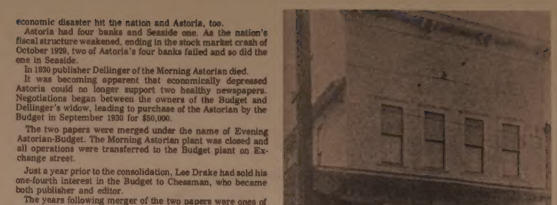
Coe was born and reared in Kansas and was a journalism graduate of University of Kansas. He began a publishing career with purchase of five weeklies in Herington, Kan., in 1934.

In 1938 Coe sold this paper and came to California, where he operated three papers at various times. In 1954, he went to Juneau, Alaska, as publisher of the Alaska Daily Empire, a daily paper. In 1959 he left Alaska and returned to the "lower 48" states, becoming publisher of the Astorian-Budget.

Under Coe's administration came construction of the present building at 10th and Exchange—just two blocks south of the Astorian's original home, and the installation of the modern "cold type" and offset printing process.

Fred Andrus, who had been with the Astorian-Budget since 1928, was appointed editor of the newspaper in 1946, and served in that position until his retirement Dec. 31, 1968. He was succeeded by Mike Forrester who came to the newspaper from The Associated Press, with prior experience at the East Oregonian, Coos Bay World and Eugene Register-Guard. Forrester is the grandson of Mrs. E.B. Aldrich and the late E.B. Aldrich.

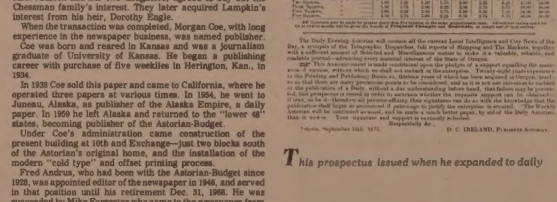
Thus, The Daily Astorian is the product of a line of newspapers which began a century ago in an active, colorful community which has been described by many journalists as one of the best newspaper towns in the state.



ONE OF THE First homes of The Astorian, circa 1890, stood on the southwest corner of 10th and Commercial, now occupied by the Pacific Northwest Bell Business Office.

The Daily Astorian is the product of a line of newspapers which began a century ago in an active, colorful community described as one of the best newspaper towns in the state.

AS IT STANDS today. The Daily Astorian building.



This prospectus issued when he expanded to daily

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Paper's Founder Lived a Life Replete with Ups and Downs

Editor's note: Roger Tetlow, a native of Astoria, is a high school teacher in Lincoln County. For his master's degree at the University of Oregon, Tetlow selected as a subject D. C. Ireland, founder of the Tri-Weekly Astorian, the paper from which The Daily Astorian stems. Tetlow teaches journalism at Toledo and Newport high schools. His mother, Mrs. Z. Tetlow, resides in Astoria.

By ROGER TETLOW

"We had no idea of making our fortune at the printing business when we came to Astoria in 1873, but our hope was that we might be able to build a journal here that would be the means of supporting us and our family, educating our children and furnishing a home wherein we might spend the winter of our life in peace and contentment."

DeWitt Clinton Ireland wrote the above words four years after he had founded the Tri-Weekly Astorian. He had arrived in Astoria April 25, 1873, broke, out of work, and with no assets except his ability as a printer, reporter, and publisher. By 1877, the Astorian was firmly established by the then-soaring fortunes of Astoria and Ireland was one of the most prosperous and respected citizens of the little river town.

He had been persuaded to come to Astoria and establish a newspaper by a committee of citizens which included Capt. George Flavel, A. Van Dusen, and J.G. Hustler. The prominent citizens of Astoria knew that the town could not grow without a newspaper. The Astoria Marine Gazette had died in 1866 and another short-lived paper, the Astoria Advocate, was published for only a few months in 1872 before going broke. The people of Astoria could get the Oregonian, the Oregon City Enterprise, and other newspapers but the news in these papers was usually old and did not cover the area in which Astorians were interested.

At the time the committee contacted Ireland in Portland, he was out of work. He had been working for Ben Holladay on the Portland Bulletin but had become involved in politics and, as he said later, "was kicked out of the office of the now-defunct Bulletin". He had then shipped his wife and four children to St. Paul, Minnesota, to stay with her parents while he looked around for a newspaper job. The committee, knowing of his ability and his availability, contacted him and persuaded him to go to Astoria to look over the situation. On April 25, he arrived in town, checked in at the Occident Hotel, and then went out to see what Astoria had to offer.

DeWitt Clinton Ireland at this time was 37 years old. He was born in Rutland, Vermont, July 4, 1836. He moved west with his parents to Mishawaka, Indiana, where he received some schooling at an Episcopal school for boys and then learned the printing trade as an apprentice for Schuyler Colfax, later to become vice-president of the United States under President Grant. During this time, he assisted Colfax in preparing the first Rebekah I.O.O.F. ritual.

At 19, he decided to go out on his own and, in 1855, founded the Mishawaka Free Press, one of three newspapers he founded which have lasted more than one hundred years. He published the paper under the slogan "Free Press, Free Speech, Free Labor, Free Kansas, and Fremont." After running the newspaper for more than one year, he sold it and went to work in Detroit for the Detroit Free Press. His most notable achievement during this time was his coverage of the first Republican convention held at Charleston, S.C., just prior to the Civil War.

Ireland married twice during this time. Little is known about his first wife except that she bore him one son, Alba, who later became a well-known painter in Chicago. After her death, he married Olive Lightburn, adopted daughter of M. Prentiss, Publisher of the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

During the next few years, Ireland moved around frequently. He worked as the superintendent of the penitentiary printing office at Jackson, Mich., where he invented the side arms for the Gordon job press. For a time, he worked for Horace Greeley on the New York Tribune and was connected with Harper & Brothers, publishers in their mechanical department. He was sent out west as secretary of the Egbert Commission of Congress to settle timber stealing and liquor selling on the Sioux reservation in Minnesota and, in 1869, went to the Red River country for the Burbank & Co. with machinery for the Anson Northrup, the first steamboat to operate in that part of the country.

Times were hard in Portland and the only job he could get was working for Capt. R.P. Ankeny, cutting and splitting twenty cords of wood. He was, however, a Mason, printer and newspaperman and eventually was hired by the Oregonian. For the next three or four years, he worked as a local reporter and city editor of that paper. During this time, he employed a young Harvey Scott as editorial writer and custodian of the Portland library.

In the fall of 1886, he went up to Oregon City and, with the assistance and financial backing of a group of local citizens, founded the Oregon City Enterprise, the second of his newspapers established to be published for over one hundred years. He purchased the press and office of the Astoria Marine Gazette and set up the Enterprise, designed to promote the interests of Oregon City in connection with the railroad then projected but not built which eventually was to become the mainline of the Southern Pacific through the Willamette valley.

Ireland published the Enterprise until 1869 when he sold it to John Meyers who promptly changed it to a Democratic newspaper. Ireland remained in Oregon City long enough to take the census of Clackamas County during the spring and summer of 1870 and then to work for Ben Holladay on the Portland Daily Bulletin.

During these busy years, his wife had given birth to two other children. Lillie, his only daughter, was born in Portland in 1865, and in August, 1867, his third son, Harry Lawrence, was born. Another son, Gustave Rosenk, was born in January, 1873, so that by the time he arrived in Astoria, he had four children living with him in Oregon and a fifth son still living in Michigan.

The morning after he arrived in Astoria, A.S. Mercer, Capt. J.H.D. Gray, and J.F. Powers called on him at the Occident hotel and offered him a job as secretary of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce. They had asked the Astoria City Council to donate a hundred dollars to aid in "the acquirement of useful knowledge, the distribution of such scientific printed matter as may be deemed wise, and the payment of room rent, and secretary salary for D.C."

This rather under-the-counter transaction was passed to help Ireland during the time when he would be arranging the details of setting up the new publication by giving him free room rent and a small salary. His official duties were not clearly specified but the extra funds must have come in handy to the penniless Ireland. They were, of course, contingent upon his establishing a newspaper in the town.

The committee then took him on a tour of the town and in the process, they found a building for the new newspaper. The Monitor building, located on the southeast corner of Cass and Squemoqha, now 10th and Commercial, a site now occupied by Edison Insurance, was a battered old wreck of a building. It had been built by James Welch in about 1853. It had seen service as a tavern, a storage vault for old buoys for the Thirteenth Lighthouse District, and as a Chinese wash house. The Chinese residents of the building moved into the back room and Ireland was offered the front part as the new home of the forthcoming journal. He was not happy with the building but it was the best he could do at the time.

Ireland had by this time made up his mind. He liked the town and could see the possibilities of its future. The people needed a newspaper and were willing to help support it with donations, advertising revenue, and subscriptions. After consulting with leading merchants, businessmen, and city officials for several days, he announced that he would begin printing the Tri-Weekly Astorian during the first part of July, 1873.

Ireland then returned to Portland and began spreading the word about his new newspaper. He persuaded an old friend, F.W. Ferguson, who had worked with him on the Bulletin in 1872 to join the staff of his newspaper as reporter and printer. Together, the two men scurried about Portland in search of equipment for the new plant. They also took time out to gather advertising from Portland firms and to contact those in Astoria to begin setting up the new plant.

One of the customs of that time was to send out a prospectus which set forth the hopes and aims of the proposed newspaper. In May, 1873, Ireland finished his prospectus and mailed it out to other newspapers in the Oregon country as well as to future advertisers and subscribers. In it he explained the standards by which he would operate.

He stated that the paper would be independent of politics and that he would "neither make nor encourage a war, nor wage any conflicts with any enterprise, institutions, or men engaged in legitimate pursuits where success depends upon the interest, energy and earnestness of the people."

He wound up his lengthy statement by declaring: "The arrivals and departures of vessels at Astoria, and the business of the surrounding countryside, having no journal to correctly represent their interests, has of necessity been neglected, to the great detriment of the entire state. With the view of supplying this want, the undersigned has concluded to enter the newspaper world at this venerable old city on the banks of one of the loveliest rivers entering any ocean, and relying for my support upon an appreciative people, among whom I am not as a stranger, having been connected with the press of the State for ten years, it is with the utmost confidence of success that I issue this brief outline of the purposes actuating me, and solicit your patronage."

There was still much work to be done. Ireland hired M.A. Shaw & Sons to renovate the offices and pressroom, and had a sign made by Spaffil of Portland. To help with the installation of the machinery, Ireland hired a local man, O.W. Lamb, who spent many hours working with the unfamiliar machinery. He also hired a local boy, Frank W. Wallen, to train as an apprentice, and contracted with John Ross to carry the papers to city readers "in time for breakfast reading."

The establishment of a newspaper in the city was an exciting event for Astorians. They came to the Monitor building offering materials and assistance. Ireland acknowledged this by writing in his first newspaper: "We are very thankful for the numerous friends who have from time to time aided us in getting up our material and getting the office in Ship Shape. With the advent of a printing office in Astoria came a host of "locals" who have tried themselves at the art preservative of arts and amateur typos are abundant in this city."

On June 30, 1873, Ireland, with the assistance of Ferguson and Bailes, rang off the last issue of the Tri-Weekly Astorian. The new paper, dated July 1, 1873, was delivered to the new subscribers and several bundles were put aboard steamboats for distribution in other towns along the river. Astoria finally had its newspaper.

That night, as he sat alone in his new office, he was joined by A. Van Dusen and Captain Hustler, each carrying bottles of champagne. As Ireland said later, "If the paper lives and flourishes according to the sentiments and expressions of our friends on that occasion, it will be a healthy institution."

The people of Astoria were delighted with the contents of the new paper. It was the general practice at that time to use newspapers as political vehicles rather than as purveyors of news. Editors would cram column after column full of political diatribes and speeches, all designed to promote their own particular political point of view. Ireland would have none of that. He had said in his prospectus that the Tri-Weekly Astorian would be independent of politics and he held to that line during the nine years he published his newspaper in Astoria.

George Turnbull, professor at the University of Oregon School of Journalism, called DeWitt Clinton, Ireland, "one of the first real news reporters to enter the Oregon country." He could write with a distinctive flair, he had the curiosity necessary to ferret out the facts in a news story, and he combined these abilities with a fierce regard for truth and accuracy. As a result of these facets of Ireland's personality, the Tri-Weekly Astorian emerged as one of the best newspapers in the Oregon country.

He knew the value of using names in his newspapers. The first issue of the new paper had a front page story featuring the end of the school year, and in this story, Ireland tucked in a list of students who had passed their examinations with honor. A quick perusal of this list shows many names familiar to all Astorians. Included were: Georgia Parker, Nellie Flavel, Fannie Crosby, Belle Welch, Ada Hixson, Belle Parker, Hustler Van Dusen, Frank Parker, and Willie Parker.

And in other stories in that same issue, he praised Mr. Llenenweber for the quality of leather he produced, Charles Stevens for his elaborate and Mrs. Brock for the clover she grew, and Brenham Van Dusen for a strong brew. He complimented the Astoria Chowder Club, named the new directors of the Beaver Lodge No. 1, I.O.O.F., and mentioned that the members of the Astoria Engine Company No. 1 were having a "squirt" that evening by order of the foreman.

It is no wonder that the Tri-Weekly Astorian attained almost instant popularity.

Mrs. Ireland and the children arrived in Astoria on September 15, 1873, and he moved them into a house he had rented on the northeast corner of Court and Cass streets, now 10th and Franklin. The Irelands lived in this house during the nine years they were in Astoria.

Unfortunately for Ireland and for the Tri-Weekly Astorian, the winter of 1873-74 was one of the worst the Oregon country had ever experienced. A cold spell settled down on the entire Columbia River system and by December 18, ice closed the river, cutting off communications and transportation between Astoria and Portland. Ireland ran out of paper and, on December 11, put out a small, one-page edition printed on scraps of news print which he whimsically called the "Ice-O-Lated Edition." Two days later, the Orifiamme had fought its way into port, bringing Ireland a load of much-needed newsprint and he was able to publish the Astorian again in its customary size.

Because of the cold weather and subsequent lack of business, Ireland was forced to suspend publication of the Tri-Weekly Astorian and, near the end of January, 1874, began publication of the Weekly Astorian, a Thursday paper which was destined to be issued long after Ireland had left the Astoria area.

During his first few months in Astoria, Ireland had opened up campaigns for better transportation in and out of Astoria. In one editorial he said, "We have not one single, practicable wagon road leading out of Astoria, and yet, with a comparatively little outlay we can open up the partial roads and trails leading to Young's Bay and to the Nestile settlements on the Nehalem." And on the subject of a connecting road to Upper Towers, then reached only by boat or by following a rocky trail which led along the shoreline now directly behind Gyro Field, Ireland pursued a tireless campaign which culminated in 1878. On May 15th of that year, he was able to report that "contracts for the roadway to Upper Astoria have been finally adjusted and bids awarded to John W. Welch, John Clinton, H.B. Parker, and N.F. Mudge." The wooden causeway was built and served the two communities for many years. Eventually, it was replaced with a more permanent road.

The river and the harbor also drew his attention. In September of 1873, he opened a campaign to have a survey made of the Astoria harbor. He asked the city council to hire a man to draw up a "perfect hydrographic survey." The council listened to his request, hired H.J. Stevenson, and by the following November, Ireland was able to report that, "The map of the hydrographic survey of the harbor of Astoria has been completed. It is really one of the finest specimen of the kind we have ever seen, and exceeds the expectations of the committee."

Since ease of navigation was essential to the economy of Astoria, Ireland almost immediately began a campaign to urge the improvement of navigational aids available to ships coming in and out of the harbor. At this time, the only light on the bar was on Cape Disappointment on the north side of the river. It was obvious to Ireland that another light was needed. In the Tri-Weekly Astorian he said, "It is one of the most urgent improvements demanded by the commerce of the Pacific Northwest."

During the next few months, he kept hammering away on the subject of a light and finally, near the end of the year, he received a letter from Senator Kelly, one of Oregon's senators at that time. He said, "Seeing in the Astorian of the 20th that nothing had been done towards construction of a lighthouse on Point Adams, I went to the office of the Light House Board to ascertain the cause of the delay—I was told that the work of constructing the buildings will soon be commenced."

The Point Adams lighthouse was finally built at the south entrance to the Columbia River in 1875 and for more than twenty years aided countless navigators in feeling their way over the bar.

A new and powerful voice was beginning to draw attention to the needs of Astoria and of the entire Oregon country.

Ireland had his share of ups and downs while publishing the Tri-Weekly Astorian. One of his campaigns did "not" end in success until long after he had left the area, and while it was going on, earned him a few enemies, especially among the old settlers. This campaign was directed towards getting the city council to change the names of the main streets of the city.

When Col. McClure laid out the town, he named the streets after Indians prominent in the area during the early fur trading days. Unfortunately for Ireland, who had to set these names in type by hand thousands of times each year, McClure had chosen particularly difficult names. Ireland constantly misspelled these names and occasionally, goaded beyond endurance, he would curse the outlandish names and plead for a change. In one editorial, he said, "We can get along with such names as Concomly, Chenamamus, and the like very well — but when it comes to Squemowcha, etc., etc., we felt that a break-water ought to be constructed along the harbor front and these eternal hills reduced to a minimum, burying such names out of sight forever."

A year later he was still trying to get the council to make some name changes. He said, "Fathers of Astoria - Aldermen of this rising city, gentlemen of the council, for heaven's sake, abolish S Q U E M O Q U E and substitute a name for our principal street that can be spelled and understood by all."

Many years later, Ireland's hateful Squemoqha street was renamed Commercial street. Concomly became Bond Street. Ireland had hardly won his point but by this time, he had left the community and probably was not even aware that the change had been made.

When Ireland first arrived in Astoria, he had planned to begin with a tri-weekly newspaper and eventually turn it into a daily. By the fall of 1875, he had become optimistic enough about the chances of success in the daily field to issue a prospectus in which he said that he would begin publication of the Daily Evening Astorian in November of that year. Despite the prospectus, the daily did not appear until May 1, 1876. It was a bold, full-column, four page

Continued, page 4A

"YES,. . WE DELIVER!"

. . . . . HAVE BEEN SINCE 1905!

HOWEVER, WE USED HORSE AND WAGON FROM 1905 AND IN 1913 THIS FAMILY CAR STARTED DELIVERING TINWARE AND THE SUCH, AROUND THE ASTORIA AREA. (NOTE THE CHAINS FOR THE BAD, MUDDY ROADS IN SOME PLACES IN ASTORIA). PHOTO SHOWS THE HILDEBRAND FAMILY IN ONE OF THE FIRST FORDS IN ASTORIA IN 1913!

YOU'LL DO BETTER - (AND ALWAYS HAVE) AT-

HILDEBRAND'S

1033 COMMERCIAL ST. ☆ASTORIA☆ PHONE 325-6341

... Daily Astorian Founder

From page 3A

paper, resembling all of Ireland's previous publications. However, on June 19, 1876, he announced reluctantly that the Daily Astorian would "gracefully retire, with grateful feelings, mingled with the deepest regrets. Avise le fin."

There were many reasons for the failure of Astoria's first daily newspaper. Ireland was continually short of money during this period and collections were hard to come by. His equipment was by this time old and not up to the job of grinding out a daily newspaper. And the Monitor building was too small for this purpose.

By October of that same year, he was ready to try again. He announced that the Daily Astorian would appear on October 10. But the daily did not appear and the Weekly Astorian continued to be delivered to its readers.

In January of 1877, Ireland decided to build a new building first and then put out a daily newspaper. He looked around the town for available land and then leased a lot from George Flavel for $15 a month for a period of five years. This lot had 25 feet of frontage on Squemocqha street and 50 feet on Cass. A month later, Ireland leased another 10 feet on Cass. After he had built his building, he turned around and sub-leased a storeroom, 25 feet by 35 feet, fronting on Squemocqha for $30 a month to Charles A. Smith. Ireland's entire property is now the site of the telephone company building and is incorrectly marked with a plaque naming the site as one on which the Tri-Weekly Astorian was born. The evidence, however, shows that Ireland did not move to that spot until 1877, four years after he had founded the Tri-Weekly Astorian.. Ireland himself gives the location quite positively when he said on March 24, 1877, "Removal - The Astorian office will be removed into the new building next week. Call and see us.. Southwest corner of Cass and Squemocqha, sixty feet west of the old Astorian building."

During these first years, Ireland mentioned his family often enough in his newspaper to give even the most casual reader an intimate look at his personal life. The Irelands had two other children while residing in Astoria. Clinton Leonard was born in February of 1875, and their last son, Francis Connor, was born in 1877. These two boys both became newspaper publishers in Oregon during the early 1900s.

Mrs. Ireland was not a strong woman and her many illnesses must have contributed a great deal to Ireland's troubles during those years. He had to hire women to assist her in her housework and he usually attended all social functions alone.

Ireland, however, was not averse to using his family to help out his advertisers and in 1876, probably much to Mrs. Ireland's mortification, we find her endorsing Dr. Warner's Sanitary Corset. (Mrs. Pangborn, Masonic Hall, Astoria, is agent for this city.) And in April of 1875, we find his daughter Lillie trying to form a club so that she and her little friends could enjoy The Nursery Magazine together. D.C. Ireland was the agent for the magazine.

Two important events in Ireland's personal life led him into one of his most ardent crusades - the fight for the establishment of a hospital in the city. At the time Francis Connor was born, there was no hospital and, because it was a difficult birth, Mrs. Ireland was taken aboard the Geo. W. Elder, a ship then docked at Flavel's wharf. Because of the skill of the ship's doctor, both Mrs. Ireland and the child were saved and Ireland gratefully named the boy after the captain, Francis Connor.

The other event occurred about a year later. During the fall of 1878, an obviously broken-hearted Ireland printed the following item in his Weekly Astorian:

Died: In Astoria, September 7, 1878, from injuries received by the kick of a horse on Col. Jas. Taylor's Smith Point ranch, Harry Lawrence, son of D.C. and Olive M. Ireland, aged 11 years, 2 months and 14 days.

In an editorial written on the same day, he said, "His death was caused by the kick of a frightened horse at Col. Taylor's ranch where the little fellow had gone with some of his playmates for amusements. Just how he came to be killed, none perhaps can ever tell, it was so sudden and so unexpected to him that he probably met death with no feelings of pain, dying as he had always lived, joyously and happy in his play at the last moment. It is a great sacrifice to our little family to give up such a noble child, but it was the will of God, and we humbly bow in submission to the decree."

Because of these two events and because he had seen too many people die needlessly from lack of medical attention, Ireland began campaigning for a city hospital. In one editorial, he said, "It is time that the good people of Astoria awake to the necessity of establishing in our midst some system on the hospital plan for the care of the sick."

In July, 1880, Ireland said, "It is rumored in town that Geo. Hume, Esq. has disposed of a certain part of his real estate known as the Arrigoni property, and that the fine house thereon will be converted into a hospital."

In August of 1880, after hearing that the Sisters of Mercy would be running the new establishment, he said, "It is an institution long needed at Astoria. We predict for St. Mary's a reputation in the near future as wide-spread as the now famous St. Vincent."

And in September of that same year, St. Mary's was named a United States Marine Hospital and was also designated as a home for the indigent sick of Clatsop County. Ireland had won another battle.

In addition to his personal life and his life as the editor and publisher of the Daily Astorian, D.C. Ireland also had another life while living in Astoria - that of a politician.

In 1876, after he had lived in Astoria for three years, a move was made by citizens of Clatsop and Tillamook counties to place his name in nomination for the office of representative to the Oregon Legislature from the combined districts. He declined the nomination, however, and then, after hearing about a move to place his name in nomination again, this time on an independent ticket, he publicly declined for a second time.

DeWITT CLINTON IRELAND
Daily Astorian Founder

In August, 1876, he was nominated for the office of mayor of Astoria by members of an independent municipal reform group. Ireland was elected and almost immediately put through a number of measures and ordinances aimed directly at some of the more undesirable elements in Astoria.

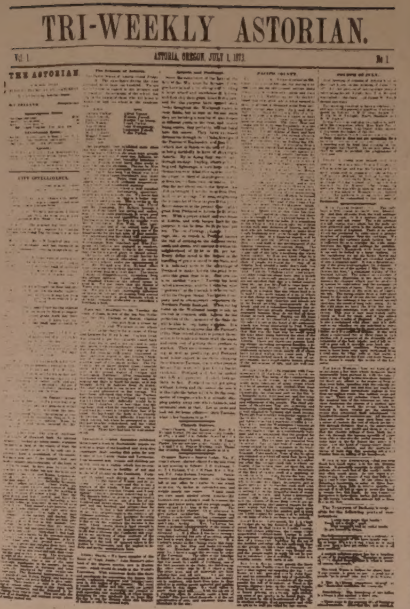
Astoria at this time was wide open and boasted of a Barbary Coast type of community clustered along the outer edges of the waterfront area. Here, taverns stood side by side with disreputable houses, flop houses, opium dens, and gambling resorts. Ireland and a group of the more responsible citizens had watched this sinful growth with dismay and, in the elections of 1876, made their move by electing a reform slate of candidates.

Ireland, as editor, had long crusaded against this cancerous growth. In one editorial, he said, "Gentlemen, do for heaven's sake, build us something in Astoria besides brothels and their attendant iniquities. Do give us a rest from any more such ficticious appearances of business, and we do here allude to every one of these pestilential blotches on the fair fame of Astoria."

On September 4, Ireland and his new city council met and put through ordinances, one of which prohibited women from being on the premises or dispensing liquor at any of the taverns along the waterfront. Another ordinance defined vagrancy and set up penalties for those found guilty of being vagrants.

Attempting to eliminate a certain constant odor which had settled over Astoria, the council made it illegal to maintain slaughterhouses, outhouses, cesspools, and piles of garbage and fish offals in the downtown section of the city. They also authorized the building of a sewer on Washington Street, the first to be constructed in Astoria.

Ireland served the city of Astoria as mayor from August, 1876, to August, 1878. He then retired from politics and turned all of his attention to the publishing of his newspapers. However, in 1880, dismayed at the return of sin to Astoria, he ran and elected again, this time defeating W.W. Parker, former publisher of the Astoria Marine Gazette, by a solid majority. Ireland then served as mayor



TRI-WEEKLY ASTORIAN.

Vol. 1. ASTORIA, OREGON, JULY 1, 1873. No. 1

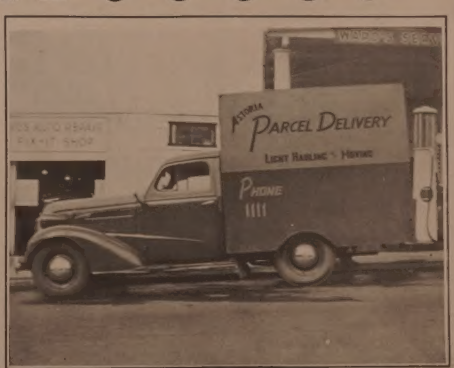
THE ASTORIAN

REMEMBER....?

FORREST VAUGHN

SYLVIA VAUGHN

The year was 1948 and Astoria was desperately in need of a dependable parcel delivery service. This was the start of 25 years of hard work, expansion, more hard work and still more expansion to what is known today as City Transfer and Storage Company. This also included the only farm, garden and pet supply store in Astoria today. From the inception of the Astoria parcel delivery and light hauling and moving in 1948, Forrest and Sylvia Vaughn have grown along with Astoria. The City Transfer and Storage Company now includes an Allied Van Lines Franchise. It was not always peaches and cream, but anything worth while is worth working for. Yes, the Vaughns remember the old '37 Chevy truck . . . do you?



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OLIVE LIGHTBURN IRELAND
And Son GUSTAVE ROSENKE

until he resigned at the time he left Astoria.

In 1880, two honors came to Ireland. He was elected as one of the six delegates from Oregon to the Republican national convention to be held in Chicago, and at the same time, he was appointed to go to Washington to help establish a national bureau for the collection and publication of mining reports and a museum for the exhibition of specimens of ore, maps, reports, and models of mining machinery. He left for the east on the Steamship State of California, leaving his family behind.

When Ireland arrived at the Chicago convention, he jumped on the Garfield bandwagon, and acted as Garfield's private secretary during the convention. Later, it was announced that he had been appointed to the Republican National Committee.

While in the East, he stopped in his home town in Minnesota and delivered a Fourth of July oration. He also visited his mother and apparently persuaded his eldest son Alba to accompany him back to Astoria. In a later issue of the Astorian, it was noted that "Alba J. Ireland, late of Jackson, Michigan, has been appointed deputy auditor and clerk of the city of Astoria."

The following year, Ireland returned to the East, this time as a delegate of Astor Lodge No. 6 to the national convention of the Knights of Pythias, held that year in Washington, D.C. He also attended the final reception for Rutherford B. Hayes, who, while visiting Astoria in 1880, had extended an invitation to Ireland to be present for that occasion. A week later, he was at the inauguration of James Garfield and was present when the new president arrived at the White House for the first time.

Ireland also took time out to visit the United States Senate at the time a debate was scheduled on an appropriation bill which called for improvements to the Columbia River. This was a project which Ireland had been vitally interested in and had fought for in his newspaper. The bill had aroused a great deal of contoversy in Oregon, with each city fighting for improvements along its own particular stretch of the river. Ireland, of course, wanted the funds to be spent in improving navigation of the bar. As a result of this debate, $100,000 was set aside for the construction of a jetty from Fort Stevens, extending in a westerly direction or across Clatsop Spit. One-thousand feet of this jetty was built with this first appropriation.

On September 30, 1881, the Ireland era in Astoria came to an end. He sold the Astorian to John F. Halloran for $10,000 in gold. Ireland gave no reasons for this move but it is probable that he was simply looking for greener pastures. Following the sale, he remained in Astoria for several months, collecting back bills and cleaning up his affairs. He had some notion of joining a salmon packing venture in British Columbia but gave this up in favor of setting up a printing business in Portland. In March, 1883, it was announced that Ireland, F.W. Ferguson, and Frank Baltes were going into co-partnership at 110 Front Street in Portland.

Within a year, Ireland had sold out his interest in the printing company to Frank Baltes and had gone into the publishing business again, this time by establishing the Portland Commercial Herald, a business newspaper. The new venture struggled along until 1894 when it was absorbed by the Portland Journal of Commerce.

Following this setback, Ireland returned to the printing business for a year and then purchased a part interest in the Yamhill Reporter, published at McMinnville. He worked in that town until 1897 when he sold out his interest in the Reporter and returned to Astoria to found the Astoria Daily Pioneer. Ireland published this newspaper for a few years and then, because of lack of funds, was forced to suspend publication. He then founded a third Astoria newspaper, the Astoria Express. But somehow, Ireland had lost his magic touch in Astoria. The Express lasted for a year before Ireland, broke and discouraged, discontinued publication. He then left Astoria, this time for good.

In 1892, Ireland was in The Dalles, editing The Dalles Chronicle. He resigned that position in 1893 to edit the Wasco Sun. The flood of 1894 washed the Sun down the valley and Ireland moved again, this time to Moro, where he and his sons Leonard and Francis Connor purchased the Observer.

The final years of D.C. Ireland's life were quiet ones. His wife had died during the 1880s and he lived with his two sons. His daughter Lillie by this time had married and had moved to Portland. Eventually, Francis Connor returned to Portland too and Ireland, or the O. Man, as he called himself, stayed on in Moro with his son Leonard.

On January 7, 1913, DeWitt Clinton Ireland died in Moro, Oregon, of a cerebral hemorrhage at the age of 77. He was buried in Moro but during the 1930s, his son Leonard had Ireland's body disinterred and moved to Camas where he is now buried.

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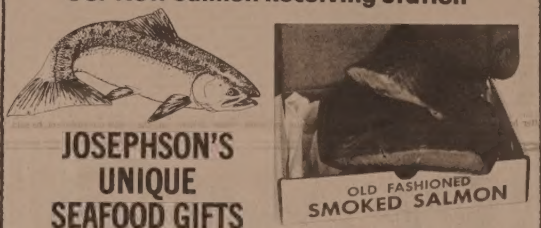

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Our business is located in Astoria, Oregon where the Mighty Columbia River majestically flows into the Pacific Ocean. It is here where, migrating from a Swedish settlement in Finland some fifty years ago, Anton Josephson settled and began our unique smoked salmon business.

Today, we the second and third generation Josephsons, continue to carry on the family business famous for its old-fashioned process of brine-curing and cold-smoking the world's finest Columbia River Salmon.

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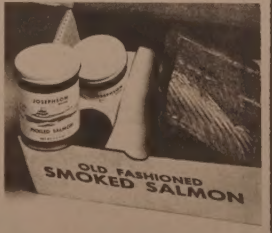
Smoked Salmon

Variety Gift Packs



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Alumni Recall 100 Years

Recalling the Chessman Years

The More Infuriated He Grew, the Cooler His Editorials Became

By WALTER MATTILA

Editor's note: Walter Mattila started working on the Astorian-Budget some 35 years ago, and was a member of the news staff for about a decade. At various times, he covered the Courthouse, the City Hall and the Port of Astoria. He later worked for the Oregon Journal, the Portland Reporter and the Columbia Press, in Astoria. He resides in Portland.

Publisher Merle Chessman was by nature urbane, more so than most urbane gentry. Even his rare anger was held within the decorum of the urbane, but he could be extremely hurried up with Communists and he had no taste for what the non-urbane call "heels."

His writings, both editorial and news, never swelled into froth. You won't find his feelings jazzed in print by exclamation marks, dashes and dots and unleashed wrath.

In the several earlier years I had worked in canneries and at gillnetting and as news editor of the short-lived Daily Messenger and as correspondent for outside newspapers, I was impressed by the solid journalism of my formidable news competitor, the Budget. Other newspapermen spoke if its integrity.

Chessman's editorials concentrated on matters of interest to people of the county and the Oregon country, taking in readers across the Columbia to some extent. He never dashed off editorials on far-away subjects.

Everybody familiar with Astoria's newspaper knew it didn't play favorites in printing or not printing. If it was news it was printed. That Chessman news policy was so clear that it didn't need elucidation. He ruled like a congenial bishop through personal grace, which was accepted as guiding light by his staff.

Although Chessman rarely issued orders — I recall but one, which prescribed that Communist not be capitalized — everyone in the news force knew what was news and what to do with news. There was no sugaring or salting. The Astorian-Budget's clean-nose journalism wasn't universal at the time and perhaps not so today. I never saw editor Fred Andrus hold up news of any kind, political, industrial, society, labor or sport to get the boss's OK. I have been told by older boys in journalism later that there are publishers who sit on "sacred cow" news like Sitting Bulls.

Wide Respect

As an editor, publisher and public figure, Chessman commanded wide respect.

It is my belief that he retained something of the passing frontier democracy of our people which had a sort of spiritual influence on him. After I became acquainted with several of Mr. and Mrs. Chessman's college friends, among them the late Curtis Gardner who wrote splendid marine stories as a hobby, I got the impression that the publisher of the Astorian-Budget had early Oregon life in him. His conviviality, individuality and polite conservatism may have had their roots in frontier influence. Like a frontiersman, he was practical about improvement — not a New Dealer drunk on improvement mash. He set a good example to inspire good examples from his staff — a form of pioneer discipline.

Like publishers who took strong stands, Chessman had strong critics, although they didn't stand up long. Except for his bristling hostility toward Communism, which led him to publish the names of those in Clatsop County who signed a petition to open the ballot for Communist candidates, he was no more domineering in public life than he was in newspapering. He was a happy participant rather than a traffic cop. He thoroughly enjoyed service in the Legislature although he didn't indulge in backslapping electioneering; his possibly frontier-minded independence may not have cared for such low-brow catering for votes.

Serious, Effortless

Remarkably entertaining, the best of storytellers and a fine party singer, Chessman had a surprisingly serious cast to his skillful writing, which appeared effortless. For such a social and jovial spirit, it seemed strange that those happy gifts didn't crop out to sparkle in his editorial and news writing.

He wrote like a good-natured judge along in years, satisfied with crystal-clear expression of his significant ideas and possibly indulging in sly humor in the way he presented them. He wasn't a fan of his own art; not once did I hear him speak on his own or any other writer's style. He probably looked upon the writers as just another skilled worker in a society of many skilled workers.

Like a democratic frontiersman, he bristled at any attack against individual liberty from the left and the right. Liberals were not pleased with all of his attacks on Communists but he waged a tougher battle against rightists, the Klu Klux Klan in Clatsop County, with courage and skill at great risk to his newspaper, which then had serious competition. Chessman didn't flinch, although he was in a precarious position from recently having arrived in a socially complex community in which the Klan wormed in deep and strong. He set a bold example for the many Oregon newspapers jittery on the fence. His battling editorials never turned into war cries. The more infuriated Chessman grew in his editorializing, the cooler became his logical, cutting language.

Soupfin Liver

A dramatic fishery development which I covered was the rise and fall of soupfin liver harvesting to which an Astorian contributed much. He was the late Dr. Jon Straumfjord, who did original research which increased the market for vitamin A, the vitamin extracted from shark livers. That market also boosted into existence the dogfish shark industry and boosted the price of tuna because of its livers of high vitamin A and B content gaining value. Much of this new fish gold lost value in competition with the new synthetic vitamin A. Technology for the first time replaced the sole product of one of our fisheries.

No fish story in my Astoria days was more exciting than our fishermen learning that the soupfin shark's liver was a gold mine. That secret was bottled up for a short time by a few feverishly busy fishermen, but soon many were studying the then-unknown habits of the shark in order to catch it. That our fishermen were able to find and nab the deepwater critter of limited population and extensive migration without having the benefit of biological data is a remarkable achievement. After getting the shark's address at sea, the proper gear had to be devised.

Early one morning towards the end of my tenure as a marine reporter, I received an anonymous news tip. The tip was that the pilot vessel Columbia had been run aground. So keenly interested were Astoria's many ocean and estuary fishermen in such an incredible item about the masters of navigation that I had every possible cooperation after the Coast Guard said it had no information.

Little Information

Through another tip and a leak from the lifesaving station at Hammond I learned definitely that the Coast Guard had been called to aid the Columbia and that it had been in trouble at Jetty A, which is upstream from the inland end of the North Jetty. It had no business there. That was all the information I could get.

My hunch that the pilots would want to get out a full story on the mishap after the curious details were printed without any explanation proved essentially correct but not in the grand way the whole episode was unfolded.

A gruff but well-meaning man with true love for the sea, the Columbia's nonpilot master, Captain Robert Craig, wrote a letter to the newspaper with every detail and wanted the Coast Guard, which had told me it had done nothing, to be thanked.

The captain related that on the night the schooner went aground he had a new man at the wheel in a night trip over the bar and had stood by him from Astoria to the Hammond buoy from where the channel swings towards the north bank. He then had gone down below for a cup of coffee after instructing the new man to call him the moment he picked up the next buoy. He would then receive the compass course for the following buoy.

After drinking his coffee, the captain realized that he should have already been summoned by the new man. He sensed that the schooner had run past the buoy and would be grounding violently on the north shore. Rushing up to the pilothouse in dread of a serious accident, he saw sky above and made out overhead a railroad trestle ripped apart permitting the schooner's mast to sally through.

That apparition-like sighting, followed by the schooner striking rock, has to rank as among the most awesome in the navigation of the whole river. The schooner had sailed by the buoy and with the greatest luck in the darkness had run into the storm-torn opening of a trestle which had been projected into the river for hauling rock to build up Jetty A. The new man unwittingly had departed from his given course to proceed by chance into that small hole. Before the Coast Guard arrived, the schooner was able to maneuver out, though crippled from the shoal back of the new jetty.

Walt Mattila

No fish story in my Astoria days was more exciting than learning that the soupfin shark's liver was a gold mine

WE SELDOM LOOK BACK
OVER OUR 32 YEARS
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WE WELCOME THE DAILY ASTORIAN TO THE CLATSOP COUNTY CENTURY CLUB

The more than 1,000 Crown Zellerbach employees who live and work in Clatsop County, where they manage 165,000 acres of forest lands and manufacture newsprint and other paper products at our mill at Wauna, salute the newest member of the Century Club—The Daily Astorian.

Actually, it feels pretty good to be 100 years old (we're almost 103 now!), and still thriving stronger than ever. This kind of experience is the basis for the solid contributions of The Daily Astorian and Crown Zellerbach to the people of Clatsop County and Oregon.

CrownZellerbach
Wauna and Seaside

Reporting the 'Big Rescue'

For More Than a Week, Six Small Communities Frozen In

By DICK SYRING

Editor's note: Dick Syring served a hitch as a reporter on the Astorian-Budget in 1929 and 1930, part of a career that has included work for the Oregonian, the Oregon Journal, the Wall Street Journal and Business Week magazine. For the past seven years, he has been with the Bank of California, for which he is director of public relations.

The Astoria Evening Budget, one of the grandfathers of the current The Daily Astorian, was an exciting place to work for a young newspaperman 44 years ago.

In the legislative session of 1929, I was employed in Salem by the Oregon Voter. Also on the Voter was Fred H. "Dutch" Young, who was a fraternity brother of Merle R. Chessman, Budget publisher, when they attended the University of Oregon.

As the state legislative session ground down to an end in early March, 1929 (a 2½-month session was long then), Young told me of an opening on the Budget, as news editor. Previously, I had worked a short time on the Oregonian and several Montana newspapers.

So I contacted that wonderful fellow, Merle Chessman, and I was hired at $27.50 a week (six days) and with promise of raise. Previously, Astoria to me was only an interesting place you drove through en route to Seaside. At the start, I got a room in the old Norblad Hotel, and it was just about Easter 1929.

As The Daily Astorian now celebrates its 100th anniversary, there must be many persons still around who remember the Astoria Evening Budget's building and newsroom. The news staff wasn't large — Fred Andrus, Ruth Gregg (who did society), myself and a large number of correspondents.

We also had local competition then, too — The Morning Astorian. Astoria was a two-newspaper town and the name of the game was to "scoop" the morning paper. My job as news editor was to choose stories and pictures for the front page, write heads, read proof, etc. I wrote a few stories.

The wire stories came from the United Press, which had a telegrapher in a little room near our copy desk. There were no automatic printers in those days. Everyone did a little of everything, although we were apart from advertising and circulation. As I recall, the late Troyer Thompson handled advertising and John Verscheuren, circulation.

Our whole staff — including the commercial printing department — totaled 22 persons. You knew them all very well, and made some fast friends. On special occasions, your birthday or something equally important, it always called for ice cream and cake. For each occasion, Omer Stephens, head of the commercial printing department, wrote a poem. He not only wrote the couplets, but set the prized verse into type and printed the literary output on cards. I imagine this pleasant custom has long been abandoned. But it was fun at the time.

ASTORIA AS ALWAYS WAS an interesting and exciting place to live. Eventually I found room and board at a nice home on Irving Avenue. We had other boarders for dinner, who included John Warren, the athletic coach and a long-time friend of mine. For the young, unmarried reporter, there was always a dance every night at the Bungalow at Seaside during the summer. And then I was initiated into a poker game which ran nightly in the furnace room of the Astoria Hotel. The hotel was a going concern then and housed many oil drillers from Union Oil. At that time the company was drilling on Henry McGowan property near Ilwaco, as I remember.

Two big news events remain vivid in my memory of my year on the Evening Budget. In January, 1930, all of Oregon, including usually temperate Astoria, was in the grip of record-setting ice and snow. On Friday, Jan. 24, 1930, Portland had suffered through its 15th consecutive day of freezing temperatures. The minimum was 18 degrees above. Once the temperature sunk to 44½ degrees below zero on the high

THIS LONG DURATION OF sub-freezing temperatures naturally froze sections of the Columbia and Willamette rivers solidly. Ship pilots maintained a narrow broken-ice channel on the Oregon side of the Columbia River from Astoria to Portland. But the Washington side of the Columbia was frozen solid.

Prior to Jan. 25 in this cold period, 43 years ago, the small communities of Altoona, Pillar Rock, Brookfield, Skamokawa, Cathlamet and Puget Island were frozen solid. There was no easy accessible highway through these small communities in those days.

For more than a week, the towns had no mail; foodstuffs were running low; cattle feed was nearly nonexistent and the accumulated milk and cream had no way to get to market. The N. R. Lang, river boat, was frozen solid in the Columbia, some distance upstream from Vancouver, Wash. There were no ever-ready helicopters then.

The Coast Guard decided to come to the rescue. Its ice-breaker, the Northland, came from its winter berth in San Francisco Bay. The Northland, as described to me, was heavy-plated and built for arctic work on spongy salt-water ice. The bow of the vessel, in the Arctic, would slam on top of the ice and break it down to by sheer weight. But the next day, six and eight-inch fresh water ice in the Columbia proved a rough competitor.

THE BIG "RESCUE" WAS set for Saturday, Jan. 25. Fox Movietone equipment was placed aboard to record the icebreaking. I was assigned to the lightboose tender, Rose, to cover for the Evening Budget, United Press and Oregon Journal.

The scheme was this: the Northland would free the ports of the icy grip and the Rose would unload mail and supplies, and take aboard any perishables.

The ice-breaking armada left the Port of Astoria at daybreak. All ice-bound communities were alerted by radio station KFJI, which the afternoon before began broadcasting news from the Evening Budget. The Northland and Rose were in communication at all times.

The Rose had 100 sacks of mail, more than 80 tons of feed, foodstuffs for stranded people and a number of empty cream cans. The beleaguered towns of Altoona, Pillar Rock, Brookfield, Skamokawa, Cathlamet and Puget Island were to be "rescued."

We followed the Northland and watched her try to ram the ice at Brookfield. The vessel backed up and rammed repeatedly but was unable to break through. However, the Rose was able to edge up to the icy shelf and unload supplies on the ice for Pillar Rock, Brookfield and Altoona. They were hauled ashore on sleds.

AT SKAMOKAWA, THE Northland broke open a passage as near to the shore as she could reach, due to shallow water. The Rose, after a number of attempts reached the dock. Supplies for Skamokawa and Cathlamet were unloaded during a two-hour stop before the vessel proceeded toward the beleaguered community on Puget Island.

At each port we were greeted like the benefactors which we were. This trip was a memorable occasion, as was another barely three weeks later.

That was the beaching of the Admiral Benson early in the morning of Saturday, Feb. 15, 1930. Somehow I drew that assignment, too. I always remember the long walk out to the ocean end of the North Jetty. It was quite a sight to see this coastwise passenger vessel on the sands about one half mile north of the ocean end of the North Jetty and about 500 yards from shore. The vessel went aground in a heavy fog.

IT ALSO WAS QUITE a sight to see 24 persons huddled around a big beach fire. They had been taken from the Admiral Benson by breeches buoy. The rest stayed aboard and at high tide, the Benson took off safely.

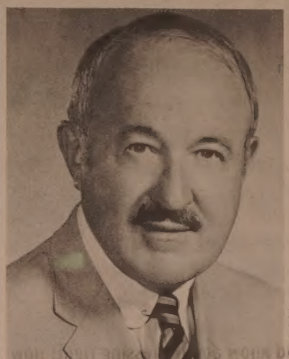
The whole experience at the Evening Budget was thoroughly enjoyable in every respect. However, reporters are known to have itchy feet. Just about on my first anniversary, I informed publisher Chessman that I was going to wander on.

Chessman questioned my desire to leave. I remember his saying, "I'm getting a lot of applications for jobs now." It didn't occur to me, at that young tender age, that an economic depression might be coming. I did not relate the consequences of the October day in 1929, when I put a headline banner on the Budget that nine billion dollars had been wiped out in stock market losses. I should have heeded what the job consequence was to be. I found out, for sure, later as the Depression deepened!

The Easter Northland plows through ice-clogged Columbia River

Photo Courtesy R.H. Syring

Alumni Recall 100 Years



Dick Syring

At each port we were greeted like the benefactors which we were. The trip was a memorable occasion, as was another barely three weeks later.

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IT'S 1912 AND YOU ARE ON COMMERCIAL STREET BETWEEN 15TH & 16TH STREETS. (WHERE THE SHIPS ANCHOR IS NOW STANDING ON THE ISLAND)

YOU ENTER THE STORE AND YOU ARE WARMLY GREETED BY JOE GREENBERG.

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ROB GREENBERG

64 YEARS HAVE PASSED AND TODAY, JUST A STONES THROW AWAY FROM THE ORIGINAL SITE, STANDS GREENBERG'S FURNITURE, CARPET & BEDDING, OPERATED BY JOE'S SON, JERRY GREENBERG AND HIS SON ROB. THE SAME WARMTH AND SINCERITY STILL PREVAILS . . . YOU ARE GREETED WARMLY BY JERRY OR ROB GREENBERG . . . NOTHING HAS CHANGED, ONLY THE FACES AND THE CALENDAR YEAR! OH YES, THERE IS ANOTHER CHANGE, THE STORE IS AS MODERN AS 1973!

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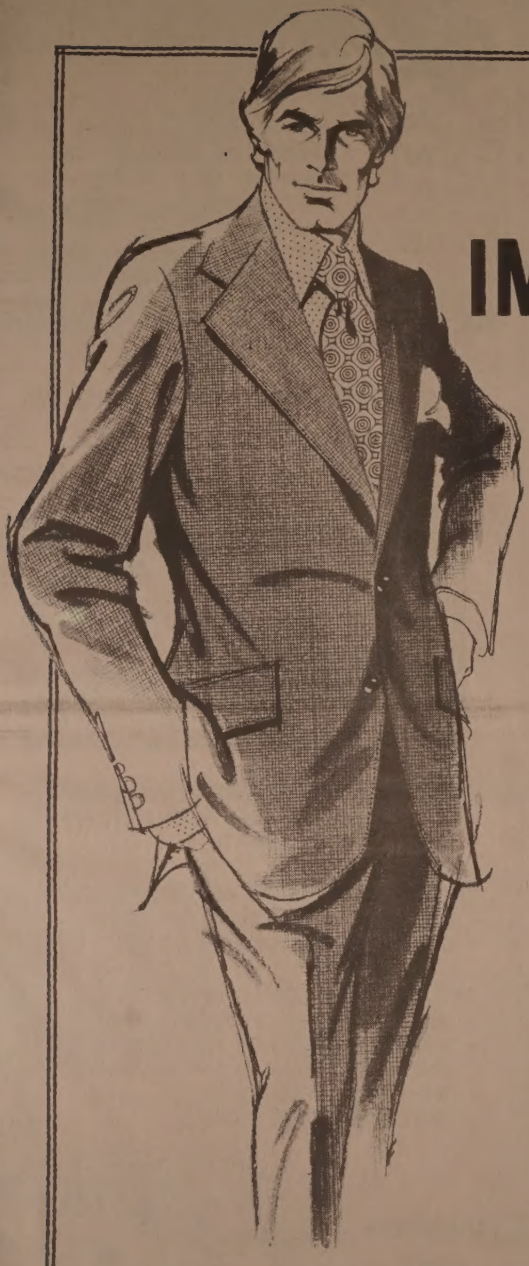

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...and they count BIG!

Forget the old bromide - that you can't tell a book by its cover - because most people do judge other people, places, and even products on the basis of their first impressions. These first impressions are chiefly visual and perhaps nine-tenths of them center on appearance, on what you see.

What you should know about dressing right: now perhaps, it doesn't always follow that the dressed-right man always succeeds in business or always has more friends, but the connection between dress and success is too strong to be denied. Good appearance does attract favorable attention...good appearance does command respect. Every employer counts on this.

Whether a man is hired to sell products, services or good will, he must first be able to sell himself. And good grooming and dressing right are among his most important sales tools.

Dressing right is not expensive. It's an investment and like any sound investment, it pays dividends - in success.

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The Night of the Brothel Blaze

And Other Burning Issues Recounted in Flashbacks

Editor's note: Robert Lucas worked on the Astorian-Budget for eight years during the period of World War II. He was later managing editor and editorial page editor of the Denver Post, editor-in-chief of the Hartford (Conn.) Times and Washington Correspondent for the Gannet newspapers, before returning in 1969 to Yakima and the executive editor's position. He is married to the former Peggy Chessman, daughter of Merle R. Chessman, who was editor and publisher of the Budget until 1947.

By ROBERT LUCAS
Executive Editor
Yakima Herald Republic

Here, in flashbacks, is what I remember best about my eight (1937-45) years as a newspaperman in Astoria.

The appearance of albacore off the coast...a bonanza to a depression-slugged community and to an ailing industry.

The tax delinquency map on the wall of Tax Deputy Clem Ingalls, with reverted lots and land in green...a sea of green!

Guy Boyington and Jim Convill, strong men of the county and city respectively, county judge and city manager...neither exactly overwhelmed with the other, but both steering their mini-ships of state in tricky financial waters...Other involved personalities come to mind: Jack Wright of the railroad, Arle Hampton of the schools, Jim Bowler of the port, Charlie Reynolds and Harry Clasterbos of the banks and dozens of citizen soldiers enlisted in the struggle against bankruptcy...

The Irish charisma of Sheriff Paul Kearney...the hard fists of Deputy Myron Jones...the desperate earnestness of D.A. Garnet Green...the memorable name "Brewer Billie..."

THE NIGHT THAT FIRE consumed "The Tavern," one of Astoria's famed bawdy houses (with its trap door for impressing 19th Century deckhands)...the spectacular blaze that cooked the Dixie Bakery...a third fire that destroyed the newly completed Regatta pavilion and basketball arena...

The big name bands—Paul Pendarvis and Jan Garber—imported for the Regatta balls (one of them held in the skating rink when the waterfront hall washed to sea in ashes!)...

The authorization of Tongue Point (the first "new payroll" in years!)...the construction of the armory, home to the wartime unique basketball jamboree (with the universities of Oregon, Washington, Washington State and Oregon State all playing each other)...

DEEP-SUMMER FOREST fires...camp crews, riding a rocking locomotive, to escape a roaring, crowning fire on their tail...

Shipwrecks...a Russian freighter (with women in the crew!) on the rocks below Cape Disappointment...the 10,000-ton Matson liner Mauna Ala, Hawaii-bound, but hurrying back to safety after navigation aids had been doused following Pearl Harbor, hit the beach south of the south jetty and was swallowed by sand within days...trigger-happy and frightened National Guardsmen, patroling that beach, convinced that the foundering ship was a Japanese invasion craft...a burning Hellenic Skipper, mutinied crew lost at sea until found, half-starved and scorched, by the Coast Guard...

Pitch-black Astoria, gripped by full blackout, rigidly enforced...reduction coils in car headlights...rationing (little Dave Lewis, a transplanted Welchman, on the ration board hot seat and fighting the world) ... civil defense meetings scrap drives...

The eye-witnessed submarine shelling of Fort Stevens...the near panic in the West End...the alarms of approaching hostile aircraft (we belived it!)...Astoria was the "front" of the Pacific war, with nothing between it and battle-razed Hawaii but open water...(We were TOLD that, and we BELIEVED!)

Transformation of Pier Two as a Naval Station where Henry Kaiser's baby flat tops were modified to Navy standards (nervous prospective crewmen called the ships "Kaiser Coffins" when one took a torpedo in a gas bay and exploded, with 800 lost)...

Fighters and torpedo and dive bombers, growling skyward off the Naval Air Station across Youngs Bay, training for Halsey's carriers that ranged the Western Pacific...

Manning an air raid warning post in heavy wind and rain on the point near Eddie Elfving's house...Watching the wartime price of soupfin shark liver go through the roof...Worrying about the drag boat overload at the West End Mooring Basin...Rushing "extras" on the street at the times of VE and VJ days...

THE BOMB! HURRYING up the hill to tell Daphne Chessman about the "Thing" dropped on Japan (only to have her ask me, calmly, if I wanted a piece of chocolate cake for lunch!)...

Oh, rain or shine, summer or winter, war or peace—those were years of excitement, movement, mourning, prosperity and personal grief in Astoria.

It has always been and remains a place where men take the dares of the river and the sea. The weather can be tumultuous and the news with it.

It's been a town of mixed nationalities (who could forget the Finns' indignation when the Soviet Union invaded their homeland) and ethnic honor—(Finns vs. Norwegians, vs. Swedes) and Orientals (some with Finnish accents!)

It has also been a town of strong and vivid personalities (Anton Sorenson, for example) or Captain Elfving, who warred endlessly in a bull voice against gillnetters who crossed his ferry bow. Or "Big Bill" Thompson, the original mabatma of the CRPA, or his cool and able surrogate and business heir, Tom Sandoz. Or my late father-in-law, Merle Roland Chessman, still after almost 40 years the best newspaperman I've ever known.

It's been a "fun city," too—at least I remember it that way. Coffee and doughnuts with Bob Holmes at Harry Steinbock's counter or Rasty's on Bond with Billie McGregor and Al Brandenberg..."Manila Itch" at the Golf Club gaming table with Sam Kleger, Sherm Lovell, George Gallant, Carl Nyquist to name a few...There were different crowds, I know, at the Recreation (where Neil Morfitt was no stranger) or the Elks, a lovely bar!

AND BASKETBALL WAS OUR consuming passion—the Flyin' Finns and Fightin' Fishermen! Few will forget, I'm thinking, the state championships...one of which I personally broadcast, via long distance telephone, into loud speakers at a downtown tavern, with hundreds—foamy lips and all—hanging on every Astoria basket! (The Feimberg-coached kids went all the way!)

There was Amato's Supper Club, where a guy could drink out of his own bottle all night (at two-bits a service) and go home sober as a judge...the Hotel Astoria, where Austin Osborn painted the toilets purple and where the vice president, Marshall Leathers, was also the bellboy...Suomi Hall, where old country dances were done right...and Koskelo's saunas, the peerless and spotless retreat from a hangover...

No community in the West, perhaps in the nation, has had higher highs or lower lows. Few small towns were as flavorful, fewer still as historic. Drenched in one of the wettest quadrants on the climate map, Astorians still resent adverse comment on their weather. Written off as municipally bankrupt three decades ago, the municipalities have honored their commitments and kept their credit alive. It's a come-back town.

Entangled in gear fights, attacked by sportsmen, its salmon resource threatened by hydro dams on the river and foreign competition at sea, the fishing industry remains Astoria's economic bedrock. It was that way 30 years ago. I remember it well.

Although born in Salem, raised in Portland, schooled in Corvallis and Eugene and editing newspapers in Yakima, Denver and Hartford—with a last eastern interlude as a Washington, D.C. correspondent—I'll still have to say—

"I am, spiritually at least, an Astorian!"

Robert Lucas

It's been a 'fun city, too--at least I remember it that way.

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Waves break endlessly on the shores at Seaside, big and booming, small and gentle . . . their appeal is timeless . . . and so it is with the SEASIDER. For 63 years, the Seasider, with its numerous ccomodations and facilities, has been the tourists home away from home on the OREGON COAST!

☆ COFFEE SHOP ☆ DINING ROOM
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- GOOD MORNING BREAKFASTS THRU FULL COURSE DINNER AT OUR COFFEE SHOP....MENU TASTE DELIGHTS.
- EXCELLENT STEAKS AND SEAFOODS.... EACH A HOUSE SPECIALTY IN OUR OCEAN FRONT DINING ROOM.
- A FAVORED SPOT FOR COCKTAILS AND FRIENDLY CONVERSATION.... WHEN IT'S TIME FOR A PAUSE, MEET YOUR FRIENDS AND LINGER AWHILE IN THE RED CARPET ROOM.....LIVE ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY.

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Alumni Recall 100 Years

Cub Reporting Was Summer Job

Eric Allen

A newspaper is many things to different people. It serves as a handy scapegoat when things go wrong. It records the happenings, big and small, of the community which it serves...

Editor's note: One of the first newspaper experiences of Eric Allen, editor of the Medford Mail Tribune was as a reporter on the Astorian Budget. His newspaper career has included work on the Bend Bulletin, United Press, the Modesto Bee and the Bakersfield Californian. He was secretary to the governor of Oregon from 1943 to 1948. He has been active in historical and conservation organizations in Oregon.

By ERIC W. ALLEN, Jr.
Editor Medford (Ore.) Mail Tribune

When editor and publisher Mike Forrester requested that I write something for the 100th anniversary special edition of The Daily Astorian, I was pleased until a small exercise in arithmetic revealed that it was one-third of the Astorian's lifetime ago that I worked there.

It was (if memory serves) between my freshman and junior years in college that I spent my summer working as a cub reporter on vacation-relief for the Astorian Budget (as it was then).

Merle Chessman, then and still in memory a green figure in Oregon journalism, was editor. Bob Lucas, who is now executive editor of the Yakima Herald, was managing editor. And Fred Andrus, recently semi-retired from the Astorian was city editor. What a great crew to serve as taskmasters and teachers for a fledging newsman they were.

A newspaper is many things to different people. It serves as a handy scape-goat when things go wrong. It records the happenings, big and small, of the community which it serves — the births and weddings and deaths, the fires and accidents, the accomplishments and failures.

Serves Community

It doesn't do it perfectly, for few human institutions do perfectly the jobs assigned to them. But it serves its community in a way that no other institution, no other medium, can do.

And when a newspaper really tried hard to serve its community, tried to be responsive to the needs of its readers, tried to be an honest messenger, and provide an honest forum, when it prints the news impartially and fairly, and presents its own views forthrightly, and offers its pages for the opinion and thoughts of others — when it does these things, it truly becomes an indispensible member of the community itself.

The Daily Astorian, and its predecessor and ancestor papers for 100 years, has tried to do all these things for the people of the Lower Columbia area. The measure of its success has been its survival and its prospering, as the community itself has survived and prospered.

When a newspaper errs — as it is bound to do sometimes — no one feels worse about it than those who work on the newspaper. I vividly recall my feelings the first time I was responsible for the Astorian-Budget making an error (my first as a newspaperman). In the cosmic scope of things, it wasn't a big error. I got the time and place of a forthcoming baseball game wrong. But I still can feel, in retrospect, that awful hollow sensation in my stomach when Fred Adrus, gruffly but gently, pointed it out to me.

Stories Covered

My contributions to the Astorian-Budget were minimal. I was there only about three months, and the stories I wrote were nothing earth-shaking. There was a drowning at Long Beach, Wash., that Walt Mattila (another staffer) and I covered, going over by ferry and hitchhiking to the coast. There were a few fires. (Once, I hitched a ride on a fire engine en route to a fire — the only time I ever was able to do that, and I still recall it with a kind of adolescent glee.)

Once, visiting the hospital, I discovered that a friend from college was there, being treated for a severe case of sunburn. He was Hugh McKinley, who is now city manager of Eugene.

And I took flying lessons at the old Astoria airport from Leo Arany, who must be well-remembered by many older Astoria residents. (I wrote a series about learning to fly for the newspaper — a series that Bob Lucas told me later he thought was perfectly awful. But they got printed anyway.)

Whenever I visit Astoria these days — and it is as often as I can manage it — it is a visit tinged with nostalgia for my cub reporter days.

And I read The Daily Astorian with the same sense of pride I did one-third of a century ago, taking pleasure in the draftsmanship of its staff, the vigor and outspokenness of its editor, the obvious sense of caring about the community that goes into every issue.

In any accounting of the things that make Astoria a good place in which to live, surely The Daily Astorian rates a place of honor and respect.

We're Proud Of Our Years

A Half Century of Serving Clatsop County

A special thank you to all our customers who have bought our shoes down through the years.

Warren Grimberg, standing, Bob Uzelac, left, Paul Cottam and Al Grimberg, are always ready to give you the most comfortable fit in Astoria.

It Is Our Pleasure To Serve You. "Because we Care".

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12th & Commercial

Only a short while ago, Rogers' TV was a small home-based TV repair shop...pictures at left show Ed Rogers', His son Chuck in their basement repair shop and lower left standing beside their first service truck.

The "Sight & Sound" Center of Astoria TODAY at 936 Comm'l.

The pictures were taken in 1967...today just 6 years later, the Rogers' are in a spacious new store...which includes not only a TV repair shop, but also...

- Norge Appliances
- Teledyne Packard Bell TV's and Stereos
- Sony Radio and Stereo Systems

SALES AND SERVICE

...From a modest beginning, Rogers' TV & Appliance has truly become "The Sight & Sound Center" of Astoria with radio dispatched trucks for prompt TV repair service

ROGERS' TV and APPLIANCE, INC.

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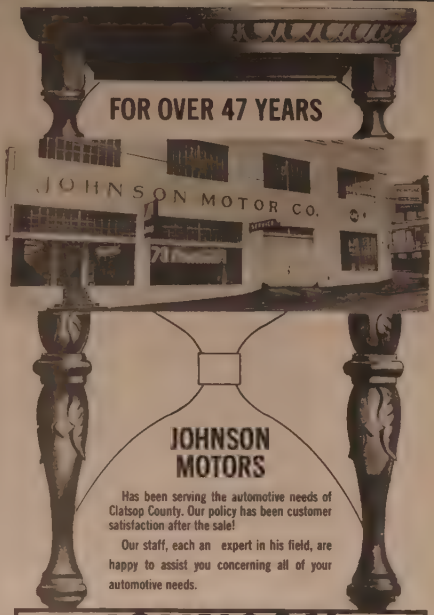

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GIMRE'S 239 14th ST. ASTORIA, OREGON

A Newspaper to Be Proud of

'Nothing Wrong with The Budget, Except that Silly Name'

DeWitt Gilbert

'How many words?'

Editor's note DeWitt Gilbert went on from his stint at the Astorian Budget to a career of writing about the fishing industry. Now retired, he is consulting editor of National Fisherman and of Fishing News International, of London. He and his wife, Olive, reside in Seattle

By DEWITT GILBERT

The Astoria fire of 1922 was the highlight—literally—of the eight plus years I spent on the staff of the Astoria Budget. Remember I came from The Budget branch of The Astorian family, and I was always proud of it. There was nothing wrong with The Budget, except that silly name.

Actually, the Astoria Fire was the biggest news story in which I ever had a hand. In a matter of hours it changed not only the city, but the lives of all who lived there, then or since. It was high drama, and the story has been told many times by and in Astorians. I shan't repeat it here, save for one small part I had in covering it.

Perhaps two blocks were involved when I reached the fire and went to work trying to determine its extent. At least twice I traveled the ever widening perimeter. The Budget office then was newly completed on Exchange Street between 11th and 12th. A concrete structure, it resisted the flames well. We began to believe it could be saved, for the buildings on three sides of it had burned and were falling. It might have been saved, but—

The roof at the northeast corner was afire. Some of us got ladders to the roof and gathered fabric typewriter covers which we stuffed into the drains with the hope of flooding the roof from hoses. Grand strategy—and it was working until a building west on Exchange Street fell across the only remaining hose, and the battle was lost.

Everything gone or going, I began to think about the story, and what my duty was as correspondent for the Oregon Journal. I talked to Merle Chessman and he suggested I drive to Portland. Here came Frank Woodfield, the town photographer, his shop long since burned. "Did you save anything, Frank?"

Important Plate

"A camera and one plate." They had plates in those days.

"Frank, I'll buy that plate from you for the account of the Oregon Journal if you'll go up by the weather station and, as soon as daylight comes, get a picture. Meet me here then and I'll be off to Portland."

Within an hour I'd told my wife, got my car, and met Frank, one precious picture in his little black box. He wanted to go along. He realized that all photographic materials were gone, and that all kinds of pictures would be needed—and was I glad for the company!

As we worked our way out of Astoria we could see the fire was punching out on the east about 15th Street. Snow was beginning to fall.

When we reached the Journal Building in Portland the photo crew took Frank in charge and the news people sat me down at a typewriter and said: "Write."

"How many words?"

"Never mind. Write until we tell you to stop. Write about fire. Write." And I wrote, with a relay of copy boys snatching the pages as they came from the machine. How long did I write? I don't know. I was too tired.

The photographic people eventually came trooping back yelling that the picture was magnificent—and to keep on writing.

The Only Picture

That's the story of the only picture which was taken of Astoria burning. It's the one you still see—the only one there is or was.

So much for the Big Story.

After a day, perhaps two, out of the confusion came an arrangement with E. N. Hurd to publish The Budget in the shop of his Seaside Signal; this we did.

Now the Astorian-Budget, as it once was called, is 100 years old. My connection with The Budget branch goes back more than half that time. I can't be sure of the date, but I think I was about 12 when I was employed to succeed Sid Cordiner, under 12, as a paper carrier. I lasted about a week, and then someone decided I wasn't fitted for circulation work— and WOULD I please come back in about a dozen years as reporter and copy editor?

So I did about mid-1920, after two years service in World War I, and another in post-graduate journalism studies at the University of Oregon and Columbia University, New York.

John and William Gratke had but recently sold the paper to the "East Oregonian crowd" from Pendleton. Merle Chessman was editor, Lee Drake was manager, and nonresident partners were Ed Aldrich and Fred Lampman, of Pendleton.

Charles A. Murphey was advertising manager. Leland Gilbert—no relative—was city editor. Irving J. Kern was marine editor, a prickly little fellow—not young—who was convinced that Portland existed for the sole purpose of destroying Astoria economically, by slow strangulation.

Olive Risley and I were married soon after I got my first paycheck, and we took a flat in the Johnson Apartments on West Bond Street. By chance Leland Gilbert lived above. I mentioned that he was the city editor, and I was copy editor and now-and-then reporter on the same paper. Our wives were both named Olive. These coincidences led to many confusions—all of which are now funny.

Dellinger Cellars

Looking to the Morning Astorian of those days I realize now that there are only two of its people whom I remember clearly. After all, we weren't encouraged to be cordial. The two stand-outs in memory were J.S. Dellinger, owner and publisher and James Hayes 'Jim,' Cellars, writer. My acquaintance with Mr. Dellinger was casual, and guarded, but Jim Cellers and I had been friends of a sort since I was about 7 or 8 and he perhaps 9 or 10. We both lived in Portland then, and our families summered in adjoining cottages at Gearhart. As newspapermen in Astoria we were keen competitors, while socially the best of friends.

Merle Chessman quickly became not only my employer and editor but a friend and mentor, one of the two men beside my father who most clearly guided and shaped my course and character as a person, and eventually as an editor—in the field of industrial journals rather than newspapers.

Merle Chessman—Ah, there was a man.

The names and faces of many come crowding back out of the files of 52 years. Fred Andrus came to The Budget a short time before I left, and he went on to be its editor. Looking back into the printshop I can see L.J. Butterfield with his crooked leg, and George Turina reaching over the stone, and Graham Chandler, and Lowell and Clare Eklund.

There was another Miller also, Leland, but he was in advertising, and Ed Ross, who reached the national peak in that field, as did Bob Walters in American Marine yachting.

I see John Verscheuren and Troyer Thompson in circulation, and tragic Hattie Overton in bookkeeping.

In those days, perhaps even today, the reporter has a varied beat. He took his news where he found it, and when. The only hours were whenever there was work to be done. It was all interesting—a fascinating place in which to live and work. More and more I found my favorite field and interest was that of the fishing industry, and so late in 1928 the Gilberts— the DeWitt Gilberts—moved to Seattle and into the field of fisheries journalism.

This is the only known photograph taken while Astoria burned, Dec. 8, 1922.

Alumni Recall 100 Years

Astoria Bridge Couldn't Take Place of Ferry

Don Rothberg

It rained for 49 consecutive days the first winter we were in Astoria...

Editor's note: Don Rothberg, an alumni of this newspaper is with the Washington D.C. bureau of The Associated Press.

By DON ROTHBERG

How many years has it been? Thirteen? It was August and raining the day Noreene and I drove into Astoria looking for the Astorian Budget. Fred Andrus needed a reporter. I needed my first full-time newspaper job.

So began two years in Astoria during which I learned most of what I know today about reporting, an which I dreamed of making it to Washington, D. C. and in which I saw more rain than I had ever known fell anywhere.

It was the summer of 1961 when we left Astoria. John Kennedy was President. We worried about Cuba and Berlin and only geography but all heard of Vietnam. Richard Nixon was getting ready to start his political comeback with a race for governor of California. Mike Forrester's letter asking if I would write something for the Astorian's anniversary issue started me wondering about all the changes since those very different times.

Nixon and I both made it to Washington, he with the government, I with The Associated Press. I beat him here by nearly three years.

Like to Return

For both of us, it's our jobs that keep us in Washington. He and I often seem to yearn to head west. He gets to do it more often then I. The closest I've come to Astoria was a very brief stop in Portland three summers ago.

And so I wonder what has changed.

I was there when the Astorian Budget became The Daily Astorian. But it seemed a much greater change and something of a shock when I learned that Fred had retired though I suspect he's kept his hand in.

Under Fred's not always gentle tutelage, I learned reporting. In off-hours, I learned how little I know about chess. We sat down to a game one evening I was sure I'd win. Before my seat was warm Fred had wiped me out. Then he did it again and again, in two years I never came close to winning a game.

The reporting was more fun. There were some pretty good stories in those two years.

The biggest that I remember was the passage of the bridge bill. I've never seen the bridge except for a picture that appeared one Sunday in the Washington Post. And if we still lived in Astoria, I suspect we'd miss the ferries.

A lot of evenings were spent riding to Megler and back on the Chessman. Just being on that river, feeling its power, was something a drive across a bridge couldn't match.

We've lived in or been to many cities through which rivers flow but none, except the Mississippi, could rival the Columbia. The Charles in Boston and the Potomac in Washington are known because of the cities they flow through. But the Columbia is a giant with a greatness all its own.

Mightily Columbia

When we left Astoria we drove across Canada and encountered the Columbia again hundreds of miles away. We followed it for 192 miles on a dirt road between Revelstoke, British Columbia, and Golden, at the entrance to the great Canadian national parks. There's a superhighway now between the two cities. It's a lot shorter and less dusty, but it snubs the river.

The last sports reporting I did was in Astoria. Fred pulled rank and covered Astoria's football team. I drew Seaside and never saw them lose a game.

The other story most vivid in my memory was the rain. It rained 49 consecutive days the first winter we were in Astoria, every day in February and on into March. After a while we began rooting for the streak to continue, especially when we got close to the biblical record and then surpassed it.

Whenever we think about leaving the East, it's to return to the Northwest. We miss all that space and the lifestyle it permits. And we worry about all the stories of developers moving north from California.

But if Oregonians ever get serious about shutting off immigration from other states please leave room for just two more.

BECKY and RHONDA are BIG GIRLS NOW

Photos at right show Becky Mills & Rhonda Lammi both students of Maddox Dance Studio since they were 3 & 5 years old. Both are now accomplished dancers.

BECKY MILLS Age 3 — Age 16 — RHONDA LAMMI Age 5 — RHONDA LAMMI Age 18 Miss Scandinavia 1972

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Sunday, June 10th see "Disney on Parade" 2:30 p.m.
Saturday, May 19 - Concert in Roseile Greys River High School - 7 PM

WE'RE CELEBRATING TOO! . . .

It's OUR 25TH YEAR

The element in fashion which is hardest to define and to analyze is good taste. You are most acutely aware of it when it is absent. You can't help noticing clothes which are out of place or clamour loudly for attention, while it is in the nature of good taste to be pleasantly unobtrusive. Yet, people who have taste are also trendsetters for they are confident enough to try the untried.

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Fisher Bros. Co.

101st. YEAR

Photo of original Fisher Bros. Store taken 1872.

The original Fisher Bros. Store was founded by Ferdinand A. Fisher and his brother Capt. A. C. Fisher, German immigrants in 1872. It was a combination store and trading post and was erected on the northwest corner of 12th and Marine Drive at the time known as 1st street, across 12th street from the store's present location.

Business carried on by the brothers centered around groceries and family supplies. Besides a brisk trade in horses mules and cattle, they flourished in the sales of such items as wagons, plows cultivators, jack screws, yokes, bitted axes and provisions.

Capt. A. C. Fisher skippered the steamer Bon, which ran between the store and Skipanon near the present Warrenton. From Skipanon he took a four-horse team to Seaside and a single horse over the mountains into the Willamette Valley, purchasing and delivering goods for the Fisher Bros. store.

Following damage from the fire of 1883, the store had only a 25-foot front on what is now Marine Drive. However, they maintained a complete stock of iron and steel bars, horse shoes and nails and other such items. In the 1800s, these items rated a store as first class.

December 3, 1903, the two Fisher brothers sold to a newly formed corporation. The five men composing the new corporation were Asmus Brix, Ferdinand A. Fisher, J. E. Ferguson, P. J. Brix and James O'Connell. Elected to presidency was Asmus Brix, who, like the Fishers, had come from Germany.

The fire of December 8, 1922, completely burned the building. A new one was constructed at the present site of Fisher Bros.

P. J. Brix was elected president of the waterfront business firm in 1924. He held his position until his death in 1948. George J. Altstadt, of Fisher Bros. was elected president in 1949. John B. Altstadt was elected as the new president in February, 1973.

The company, in 1962, opened the new Industrial Supply Store at 7th and Astor Streets, of which Arthur Smith is the manager.

Hardware Store

Industrial Store

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Astoria

True Value HARDWARE STORES

Charles Gratke:

One of the most notable and admired journalists ever produced by Astoria was Charles Edward Gratke, foreign news editor of the Christian Science Monitor, in Boston, from 1937 to 1949

Editor in chief Erwin D. Canham of the Monitor called Gratke "a superb teacher of young journalists... a very foresighted planner and administrator of a worldwide force, and ...an extremely vigilant news editor."

Gratke was assistant to the executive editor of the Monito from 1929 to 1932, was Berlin correspondent in 1932-33, European editorial manager 1933-34, and general news editor in Boston from 1934 to 1937 before becoming foreign news editor. It was as foreign news editor that he stood out the most, earning a reputation for careful, probing coverage of world events on the part of himself and his staff.

Gratke was killed in 1949 in a plane crash in India that took the lives of seven other noted journalists, including two winners of the Pulitzer Prize. They were returning to the United States after studying in the Netherlands and Indonesia the problems of creating a "United States of Indonesia."

GRATKE WAS BORN IN Astoria Aug. 11, 1901, the son of John and Fredda Reinhart Gratke.

John Gratke was one of the founders of the Daily Budget, which was started in 1893 to compete against the Morning Astorian. A native Astorian, Gratke went in with Oscar W. Dunbar to establish the Budget, and then bought the paper from Dunbar in 1897. One of Gratke's brothers, William, a printer, worked with him on the Budget.

The Gratkes operated the afternoon paper until 1919, when John Gratke decided to get out of the industry. He sold the paper to three Pendleton newspapermen—E. B. Aldrich, Fred W. Lampkin and Lee D. Drake—and went to New York City, where he headed a promotional organization for businesses on Broadway.

Charles Gratke was 18 when his father sold the paper. Whether he served any kind of apprenticeship on the Budget is unclear. John Verscheuren, longtime circulation manager of

Continued, page 15A

Astoria-The Best News Town of Its Size in All Western America

Fred Andrus

At times the town has even seemed to be sliding gradually into the Columbia River.

By FRED ANDRUS

The Astoria area is a region where things happen

Looking back across more than four decades of newspaper work here, it seems to me that this community makes more news and more lively, interesting news in proportion to its size than any other part of Oregon.

Newspaper work here has had few dull moments. Shipwreck, forest fire, internal squabbles, all sorts of things have made the job fascinating.

At times the town has even seemed to be sliding gradually into the Columbia River.

I had a "moonlighting" job for many years as Astoria correspondent for the Portland Oregonian and the Northwest editor there once told me that I got more stuff from Astoria unto that paper than any other place in the state except Salem, the state capitol, and Eugene, seat of the University of Oregon and it's school of journalism.

Why is this news-making trait so exceptional here? There seem to be several factors. Astoria is a seaport, located at what for many years was considered the most dangerous harbor entrance on the Pacific Coast. In the two decades since I first joined the old Morning Astorian staff in 1927, shipwrecks were common—and shipwrecks make most dramatic news.

In more recent years, with bar conditions improved and ships more powerfully engined, shipwreck has become less common. But it was only a few years ago that the Danish passenger ship Erria burned in Astoria harbor, providing one of the single most vivid stories that occured during my entire 42 years in newspaper work here.

THE FISHING INDUSTRY HAS contributed much of the drama in Astoria's daily life. Somehow the fight with sea and river to harvest food fish excites the imagination considerably more than digging potatoes or growing hay—the sort of stuff some inland newspapers have to depend on for their daily grist of news.

Astoria has a multi-racial background, resulting in a population composed of many interesting people, most of whom have the makings of good stories in their individual histories.

The old town by the Columbia's shore also has always seemed to have more than it share of strong-minded individuals with differing views on how public affairs should be run. The result: considerable public controversy that usually managed to engender news.

There have been men and women of vision, too—sometimes with a vision that ignored realities. There were the dreams of making this the "New York of the West" 50 years ago that led to extremes of expensive development based on the stuff that dreams are made of, and producing municipal bankruptcy. How many towns have gone through an experience like that, endured it, and survived to enjoy renewed prosperity?

And how many towns have had to fight to preserve their basic industry as Astoria has had to do to protect its valuble commercial fisheries—first from the dam-building enthusiasts of the Federal government, then from the sportsmen who felt that it was somehow wicked to harvest a renewable natural resource to feed people, then from a free-trade Federal policy that let foreign fish imports flood the markets, and finally from the Russians, the Japanese and other foreigners who dispatched fishing fleets to our coasts to snatch the fish?

SO THE REPORTING OF THE news in Astoria has been a never-ending, many faceted adventure. It's been hard work, but it has been fascinating fun.

Another impression that hits one in recollecting events of the past 40-odd years is the great change that has taken place in newspaper production.

In 1927, when I joined the old morning Astorian in its building at 7th and Bond—now an adult bookstore, of all things—the city boasted two dailies—the Astorian and the Evening Budget—and they fought like tigers to beat each other to the news. When the two papers merged in 1930, some of the zest of competition departed and has never returned.

Staffs were small and hours were long in those early days. Both papers were printed on slow-moving flat-bed presses that took hours to grind out the daily press run. It was not until the combined Astorian-Budget moved into the former Troy Laundry building at 10th and Exchange that a high-speed rotary press was obtained. And it's been only recently that the paper, now renamed The Daily Astorian, moved to its present quarters, abolished the old lead type that was traditional in the printing business, and adopted the offset printing process that can turn out the daily run of some 8,000 papers in 20 minutes or so.

In the early days there was no automatic teletype system to bring in the news of the outer world. Each paper had its telegraph system with a skilled Morse code operator to copy the news as it arrived in the sound of dots and dashes.

No small town newspaper in those days could afford the facilities to make its own photographic engravings.

The only pictures we could run in the paper were ones we could beg or borrow from one of the metropolitan papers, at second hand, or expensively obtain from some Portland engraving firm.

THE COMPETITION OF RADIO and television was unknown 40 years ago. The local papers had the field to themselves, except for the Portland dailies that circulated here. Special wire services brought news of big boxing matches, election results and other big news events. Sometimes the news was big enough to justify an "extra" edition.

At the old Astorian-Budget, we used to flash the election returns on the front of a building across the street, as crowds stood around and watched, even in the rain. Election night was a major event in the newspaper in those days.

Some of the stories that stick out most vividly in memory:

—The long struggle to preserve the fishing industry. It began in the 1930s when President Franklin D. Roosevelt launched a program of dams on the Columbia. It is still going on and the end is not yet in sight. When the first dams were planned, at Bonneville and Grand Coulee, the planners ignored the salmon resource. Grand Coulee was built without fish ladders and wiped out one-fourth of the spawning grounds. It took a hard battle by the fishing industry to win fish ladders for Bonneville. Since then, there have been battle after battle. All of them made big news.

—The struggle out of municipal bankruptcy for the Port and City of Astoria, a struggle that lasted three decades and finally succeeded.

—The long contest with the Navy to provide an installation at Tongue Point. This lasted nearly 16 years and culminated in construction of the Tongue Point Naval Air Station in 1939.

—The major slides that wiped out a score of homes, first on Irving Avenue and five years later on West Commercial Street. Houses tilted, buckled and collapsed as the mud hillsides crawled from under them with glacier-like slowness and movers sought frantically to pull homes bodily from the creeping mass before they broke apart.

—The many shipwrecks at the storm-ridden Columbia River mouth—the freighter Laurel, the liner Admiral Benson, the freighter Iowa that went down with all 36 lives on board, the Sea Thrush, The Triumph and Mermaid, and many others that brought tension and drama.

And many other kinds of events too many to recall. It has indeed been a lively life in the newspaper business in the best news town for its size in all western America, in one man's opinion.

Small-Town Lad Makes Good in Journalism

the Astorian-Budget and Daily Astorian and a distant relative of the Gratkes, doesn't believe young Gratke worked on the paper, although it was at least his initial exposure to journalism.

(An Aunt of Verscheuren was married to George Gratke, a brother of John, the publisher. He says a son of George Gratke, also named George, lives in Roseburg and may be the only surviving member of the family in Oregon. Charles Gratke has a sister, Dolores, who is dead.)

CHARLES GRATKE ATTENDED the University of Oregon from 1919 to 1921, and worked on the Oregon City Enterprise, the Oregonian and the Detroit News, before joining the Christian Science Monitor in 1927.

His service as Berlin editorial manager for the Monitor in 1932 and 1933 was during the period when the Nazi regime came to power in Germany. Later, when he was European editorial manager, in London, he was in charge of the Monitor's European news-gathering organization. It was a position of considerable responsibility for a journalist in his 30s, because the Monitor has always emphasized international news.

It was Gratke's practice to go to the source of information, even when he was foreign news editor in Boston.

He made many trips to Europe, including one in 1943, when he was one of five guests of the Swedish government in that neutralist country. He visited Germany in April and May 1946 for a study of conditions under the Allied occupation. His conclusions were part of a series of Monitor articles which won him the Sigma Delta Chi (national journalism honorary) Award for foreign correspondence.

In recognition of his directing news coverage in France during the German occupation, the French government awarded him a medal comparable to the Medal of the Resistance given to French citizens.

In his history of the Monitor, editor in chief Canham wrote of Gratke's carefulness and well-developed sense of responsibility.

"The stories that he refused to print, at least until they were clearly confirmed, are almost as important as the stories he stimulated and produced," wrote Canham. "The Monitor fell into no booby traps during his period and his areas. Day in and day out, during the early years of the Second World War, he insisted on accuracy of fact and interpretation, holding both undue pessimism and excessive optimism in check."

GRATKE WAS A SEVERE taskmaster, and breaking in under his tutelage must have been a rough experience.

Canham said Gratke loaded the desks of young reporters with work, and watched for the results. He cut inadequate copy to ribbons, analyzing each word and sentence with the young reporter. "If a man could take criticism and learn from it," wrote Canham, "he was on the road to confidence." He was tough on the copy of veteran writers, too, said Canham.

Reading about the man, one gets the idea Gratke was personally close to the writers in his department but that his ideals and determination must have set him apart a bit.

He was a deeply religious person.

Gratke was known at the Monitor for his close communications with staffers via international cable, and his cables were known for their wit and effectiveness.

Canham tells of a special correspondent in Shanghai mailing an article to the Monitor one day in 1948. Two days after it was sent, Gratke ordered the very story by radio, not realizing the correspondent had already written and mailed it. When the mailed copy reached Gratke's desk, the foreign editor sent this cable to Shanghai: "Mailer seventh received Isaiah 65:24. Which is, "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

After the end of the Second World War, Gratke plunged into the difficult job of covering post-war developments.

In June 1949, he accepted the invitation of the Netherlands government for a 30-day tour of Indonesia, then in a struggle for independence.

CHARLES GRATKE
Christian Science Monitor
Foreign News Editor

GRATKE AND OTHER EMINENT journalists visited The Hague, Netherlands, then went to Indonesia. Canham said Gratke dispatches from there shed light on the Dutch accomplishments in Indonesia, on communism's role in the struggle and on the determination of Indonesians to be independent.

It was on the way back to the United States that the planeload of reporters crashed, in India.

Killed besides Gratke were H.R. Knickerbocker, foreign correspondent and Pulitzer Prize winner; Elsie Duck, of the Mutual Broadcasting System; S. Burton Heath, former Associated Press reporter and a Pulitzer Prize winner while on the New York World Telegram; William H. Newton, of the Scripps Howard Newspaper Alliance; John Werkley, of Time magazine and previously with the New York Times, and Nat Barrows, foreign and war correspondent for the Chicago Daily News.

William R. Mathews, editor and publisher of the Arizona Star who left the party at Singapore and returned home safely, wrote that Gratke was "the skilled diplomat" of the group. Mathews said Gratke composed a telegram to Prime Minister Nehru asking for permission to land in India, and made the plea to President Sukarno that enabled the reporters to intervene the Indonesian leader.

Mr. Gratke was probably the best liked man of the group, said Mathews. "He never got fussed. He never said a mean word. he was always kind and helpful."

AMONG WORDS OF PRAISE for Gratke after his death were those of Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Herald-Tribune. "I feel the country has lost one of its ablest, most discriminating minds on the whole foreign picture," and those of general manager Walter Cole of the European wire service Reuters: "We have lost one of the finest friends, and world journalism a great and noble master of the craft."

A laudatory tribute came from Charles A. Guy, editor of the Lubbock, Texas, Evening Journal, who had covered post-war developments in Europe with Gratke.

"There were many good reporters on that Dutch airplane Tuesday morning, but there was none better than Chuck Gratke. In the group there may have been others whose lives were consecrated to good, but there was none more consecrated than Chuck Gratke.

"He was a most unusual man, mentally and spiritually. We can say this, because we know it to be true.

We had six weeks with Chuck Gratke in the gray, ugly Winter of 1947.

"We flew the ocean with him twice. We winged across Europe by day and by night, in weather so thick that the sensation was of flying in great rolls of cotton. We were in cold, damp treks by automobile with Chuck Gratke, at midday and pasty midnight, with him we covered the tense Yugoslav frontier and the murky, rubble-strewn streets of a dozen European cities.

"We had long talks with Chuck Gratke in the blackness of early mornings; long walks with him under snow-splitting skies.

"From him we learned much. From him, more than from anyone else, we discovered that man's disciplining of his own life and thoughts can be a very amazing thing.

"One hundred fifty minutes a day, Chuck Gratke gave to study of his religion, its tract, the Bible, and to contemplation of what to him were eternal truths.

"His complete mental and physical subservience to duty made him a very strong character.

"He made no effort, aside from setting an example, to influence anyone.

"But Chuck Gratke's example is one we're sure none of the other members of our group failed to notice ..."

Columbus Day 1962:

The Day the Lights Went Out

Editor's note: Morgan Coe was publisher of The Daily Astorian from 1960 to 1971. A native of Kansas, Coe came to Astoria from Juneau, Alaska, where he was general manager of the Daily Alaska Empire. Before that, he had papers in Kansas and California. He, retired, resides in Astoria with his wife, Louise.

By MORGAN COE

It was chilly as nearly forty members of the Daily Astorian crew gathered around a half-dozen lighted candles about 6:30 the morning of Oct. 13, 1962.

They had all assured themselves that families and their homes were generally safe. Some were fortunate enough to have a fireplace and had prepared a "campfire" breakfast. Their next concern was about getting out the paper that day, and one by one had reported to work early. They were all great newspaper people with an average of 30 years service to the Astorian or Budget. The papers had prided themselves in never missing a publication come storm or high water since the great fire of December 1922.

The town was in darkness except for an occasional car or a wandering soul with a flashlight meandering through the fallen trees and debris, wind and strange noises about him.

Great Damage

The night before, a wind had swooshed in from the east and had done great damage to the area, including disruption of electric power. The afternoon before, Columbus Day, the storm had raised havoc in the Willamette Valley and on the Southern Coast.

It was mutually agreed there was little that could be done until power was restored. We would mark time until as late as 8:30. Deakin Bergey, manager of Pacific Power and Light, informed us that the Bonneville power line was out but that they didn't know where the outage had occurred and that it could conceivably be a long time before power was restored.

People started dropping into the office to learn what they could about the storm and electrical outage, and complaining about "no coffee." Wilma Bonasetti recalled her husband had a camp stove. She spent the entire day making strong coffee for what seemed like half of the population of Astoria. Some good soul purchased all of the day-old donuts from the local bakery.

Equipment Useless

The Astorian was proud of its type composing and press equipment but it was electric. Even if power was restored, it would take two or three hours to melt the metal in the Linotype pots and even longer for the press stereotyping metal.

As soon as daylight arrived reporters, photographers and all who were free took off to gather news of the storm and other information for that day's paper, whatever it might be. Incidentally the pictures were used the following Monday.

A check with PP & L at 8:30 brought a discouraging report, so other means of producing a newspaper for that day became a certainty. With no type available and not enough handset type on hand, we had to use another process.

We had figured out how we could run a job press by hand. A check of nearby papers confirmed they had no power.

A mimeographed newspaper seemed to be the only alternative.

Fortunately our telephone lines were still in service, but many were down in the area. Fred Andrus, the editor, called United Press International and Associated Press in Portland. They told him they would give him a state "roundup" story later in the day by telephone.

Mimeograph

We borrowed two hand-operated mimeograph machines and finally located stencils. People who stopped in, trying to be helpful, kept telling us where we could borrow practically new all-electric machines. Normally they would look up blushing shortly after their assistance.

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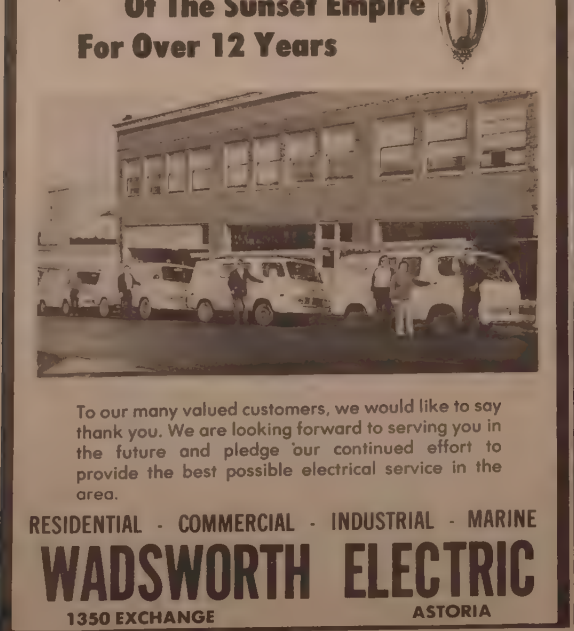
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The Many Newspapers Of Astoria, Oregon

Astoria has been a newspapery town.

Perhaps because of its situation near the meeting of a great river and an ocean, perhaps because of the climate, perhaps its people, the town has given rise to many newspapers.

The first Astoria paper was the Astoria Marine Gazette, which started in August 1864 and folded up in September 1866. While it lived, the Marine Gazette was "a good, little paper," in the words of George S. Turnbull, author of "History of Oregon Newspapers."

A noteworthy accomplishment of the Gazette was to be the first to publish, in serial form, W.H. Gray's "History of Oregon."

As a historical footnote, the type used in printing the Gazette came from the plant of the Oregon Spectator, of Oregon City, the first newspaper printed in Oregon and in the West (1846).

What was apparently the second paper in Astoria went unrecorded by Turnbull but is mentioned in Roger Tetlow's article on D.C. Ireland in this section. It was the Astoria Advocate, published a few months in 1872 before folding.

Many Papers

Astoria had many other newspapers in its history, including some prominent Finnish-language papers produced for the large numbers of Finns who resided (and still reside) in Astoria.

Among the English-language papers were the Herald, a weekly started around 1890 (Town Talk, another weekly, around 1890 which was started by Oscar Dunbar, who started the Budget, the Eagle, the Transcript, a weekly begun in 1891, the Independent, launched in 1893 as a daily for three years, the Gateway-Herald, a weekly from 1895 to 1898; the Press, a weekly from 1897 to 1899, the Pioneer, started by D.C. Ireland (founder of the Astorian) in 1897 as a daily folding in 1899; the Express, a weekly also started by Ireland, in 1899; the Examiner, a daily that started in 1899, the Columbian, a weekly from 1901 to 1899 and daily for two more years, the News, a daily from 1906 to 1907, the Acorn, a weekly from 1894 to 1897, the Leader, a weekly that began in 1907; the Times, a weekly launched in 1922; and the Morning Messenger, from 1931 to 1934.

Finnish Language

Finnish newspapers in Astoria numbered about a half-dozen over the years. As was true to a certain extent of the English papers, differing political views gave birth to many of the Finnish publications.

The first Finnish paper in Astoria was Uusi Kotimaa (New Homeland), published from 1881 to 1890 by August Nylund.

After that came a church-oriented newspaper, the Lannetar (Westerner), edited by Pastor Adolf Ruppa of Astoria's Finnish Evangelical Lutheran Church, starting in 1891. The paper had rough going during economic hard times in the '90s and finally was moved to Superior, Wisc. A weekly by the same name survived in Astoria until 1906.

Another weekly, Tyneinneren Sanamat (Pacific Tidings) was published about the same time.

Next came the socialist Toveri, which started as a weekly in 1907 and grew to a daily in 1912, publishing until 1930.

Controversial

The Toveri had a wide variety of editors and reporters over the years, including Fred Karinen and Kalle Haapakoski, early critics of conservative Finnish institutions; Santeri Nuorteva, a professor of modern languages, essayist, translator of plays and writer of a Finnish-American dictionary and later prominent in communism; William Reivo, a conservative socialist, and Ero Boman, active in the Astoria Finnish theater.

In 1936, some staff members of the Toveri were reported several of them going to Russia, because of their leftist politics.

A weekly published parallel to the Toveri was Toveritar, (Female Comrade) authorized by the national Finnish Socialist Federation. Its first editor was Hellen Rauno, who had been a socialist in the Finnish parliament. That paper became one of the most popular Finnish American publications and appealed especially to women.

The last Finnish paper in Astoria was the Lannen Suometar (Western Finn), a twice-a-week paper that was published from 1922 until 1949 when its name was changed to the Columbia Press. The Lannen Suometar was started to do battle with the Toveri and did.

The last operator of the paper, Oke Zatterlow, who resides in Astoria, converted the Columbia Press from Finnish to English in the 1950s. It was then sold in 1961, ending the era of Finnish newspapering in Astoria.

ASTORIA MARINE GAZETTE

THE MARINE GAZETTE

TOVERI

THE TOVERI

Merle Chessman:

Editor's note. This story on Merle Chesaman, community-minded editor of the Astorian-Budget, was written by Fred Andrus, who followed Chesaman as editor of the paper from 1946 through 1968.

By FRED ANDRUS

Merle R. Chessman, editor of the Evening Budget from 1919 until his untimely death in 1947, was a giant in at least two dimensions.

He was one of the great newspapermen in the history of Oregon and was also a courageous leader of the Astoria community during one of the most crucial quarter centuries of the old town's long history.

Chessman saw no dichotomy between his roles as a newspaper editor-publisher and as a community leader, for he firmly believed that a newspaper's primary duty is to serve its community to the utmost of its ability. He used the newspaper as an instrument for that purpose, and even further by devoting his great personal talents and energies to the salvation and betterment of Astoria.

He provided the influence of his newspaper and his personal leadership through a multitude of trials that beset the town—the fight against the Ku Klux Klan of the early twenties, the disastrous fire of 1922, the bank failures and economic collapse of the early 1930s, the struggle to establish a naval station at the mouth of the Columbia, the fight to bring the City and Port of Astoria back from the disaster of municipal bankruptcy in the mid-Thirties, and the never-ending struggle to save the fisheries of the Columbia from the depredation that threatened them during the dam-building orgy of the Thirties and Forties.

No specially dedicated memorial to Chessman exists any more in Astoria. The ferry M.R. Chessman that was named for him is now, appropriately, somewhere in Vietnam with a new outlandish name. Chessman Field, the athletic field at the Tongue Point naval station named for him, has been engulfed by the activities of the Job Corps Center and no longer exists.

But the city is filled with real, living memorials to his activities—the Astor Library, the council-manager form of government which has functioned so well here, the entire Tongue Point installation, the Oregon State Seafoods Laboratory, the Oregon Coast Highway and many other of those useful institutions are entirely or in part the result of his effort and persuasive talents.

This story must read like a panegyric of praise, but it is impossible for one who knew Chesaman well and worked under him many years to write about him except with unstinted admiration.

Abilities Enormous

His abilities as publisher and editor were enormous and provided an ideal and inspiration to many. His work as a public servant, both officially and unofficially, was awe-inspiring in its energy and effectiveness.

And, above all that, he was a warm, friendly and convivial man who delighted in people and liked nothing better than to swap yarns by the hour with the people of his newspaper staff and his multitude of friends and acquaintances. The loyalty and spirit of his staff was a tribute to his personality.

It is probably safe to say that no one in Oregon knew more of the state's people and had more friends than Merle Chesaman.

Going about the state, in town after town, one would meet people and, on learning that one worked at the Astorian-Budget, almost always came the comment: "I know your boss, Merle Chesaman. A great guy. Give him my best regards."

Long after his death, one would still meet strangers who remembered him with pleasure and told anecdotes of his friendliness and knowledge of the state and its problems.

He loved to tell stories of his adventures in newspaper work. When this writer joined the paper in 1935, that strange post-World War I secret society, the Ku Klux Klan, was just starting to fade into oblivion, under the impact of his editorial blasts.

Chessman delighted to tell of his unrelenting fight with this wierd society, anti-Negro, anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic in violent degree and powerful enough in the early Twenties to elect a good many public officials, in Clatsop as in other counties.

Chesaman fought the Klan relentlessly on the editorial page of the Budget, risking boycott threatened by Klan leaders.

Chessman fought the Klan relentlessly on the editorial page of the Budget, risking boycott threatened by Klan leaders.

The Klan published a newspaper, the Western American, which circulated all over the Northwest but was published in Astoria.

Chessman loved to tell of a mystery that used to puzzle him. The budget was an evening newspaper. The Western American came out in the morning. Frequently the Western American would publish, in the morning, a reply to an editorial which wasn't going to appear in the budget until that evening.

Were the Klansmen who ran the Western American mind readers?

Finally Chessman discovered they weren't. It was his custom to write his editorials late on the day before publication. He would leave the typed editorials on the table beside one of the Linotype machines, then go home to dinner and to bed.

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Editor, Community Leader

Skullduggery

Unbeknownst to him, one of the Budget employes was a Klansman—they usually kept their membership secret. As soon as Chessman had left his editorial material and gone home, this individual would copy it and rush the copy over to the Klan paper's office just in time for preparation of an editorial response to appear next morning.

Eventually someone tipped Chessman off to what was happening and he put a stop to the procedure.

The Budget's editorial influence undoubtedly had much to do with curing Astoria of the Klan ailment, for it was short-lived here.

In 1922 Astoria business district burned down in one of the Northwest's most famous conflagrations.

Chessman's newspaper plant was burned out, but arrangements were made quickly to resume publication, and he immediately sounded an encouraging call to the citizens to build a better Astoria on the ruins of the old. His influence had much to do with planning the sturdy downtown structure of the city, which has endured solidly for a half-century.

The Budget led the campaign for adoption of a new city charter with a council-manager form of government to replace the old system of council government that had led to extravagances and sometimes to suspicions of corruption.

In 1922 the people voted for the new system, which went into effect January 1, 1923, and is still working well just a half-century later.

As the decade of the Twenties ended, dire financial disaster fell upon Astoria.

There had been dreams of making this city the New York of the West, through the years preceding World War I. These dreams came to naught, but the cities of Warrenton and Astoria and the Port of Astoria had gone deeply into debt to get ready for the people and industry who never came.

In 1922 the Hammond Lumber Company mill, Astoria's major industry, burned and was never rebuilt.

Traffic at the expensive new piers of the Port of Astoria did not develop as expected.

Public improvements such as streets and water lines laid out by the City in expectation of great growth didn't produce the expected growth.

Port and city bonded debt had reached a combined total of $7 million—a big sum in the dollars of those days.

In 1929 Astoria had four banks. Two of them failed that year, as did the lone bank in Seaside—three banks gone out of five in the county.

Then came the stock market crash of October 1929.

Astoria, the Port of Astoria and the City of Warrenton found themselves unable to continue payments on their bonded debt. It was virtual municipal bankruptcy.

Tax Strike

Taxpayers, hardly overburdened, virtually struck. Tax delinquency reached as high as 56 per cent one year.

While many despaired and talked of abandoning the town, Chessman again called editorially for vigorous action to re-establish Astoria's credit—an impossible-seeming task.

He called for formation of a citizens' committee to deal with the clamoring bondholders. He took the lead in organizing a Committee of Ten which met with the debt holders, promoted municipal reorganization to attack the debt problem.

Continued, page 18A

1940 Leaders

Merle Chessman, second from right, in 1940 picture with, from left, Herb Howell, head of the Astor Experiment Station; county Commissioner John Slotte; couty Judge Guy Boyington and Chancellor Frederick Hunter of the System of Higher Education. Chessman was active over the years in supporting and working for projects favorable to the Clatsop area.

1873 Start Makes Daily Astorian Oregon's Eighth Oldest Newspaper

The Daily Astorian is the eighth oldest daily newspaper in Oregon, from a reading of George S. Turnbull's detailed "History of Oregon Newspapers."

Preceding this newspaper in starting operations were The Oregonian, 1850; the Oregon Statesman, 1851; the Albany Democrat-Herald, 1859; the Corvallis Gazette-Times, 1862; the Oregon City Enterprise-Courier, 1886; the Eugene Register-Guard, 1867, and the Baker Democrat-Herald, 1870. The Daily Astorian's roots go back to 1873.

At least one weekly newspaper in Oregon is older than this one. The Polk County Itemizer-Observer, in Dallas, sprang from a paper that was begun in 1868.

The first newspaper published in Oregon—the Oregon Spectator, in Oregon City—operated for only a brief time before folding. Its founding date, Feb. 5, 1846, made it the first newspaper published in the West.

Three other publications were started before 1850 but none survived long.

Oregonian Oldest

The Oregonian, of Portland, started as a weekly Dec. 4, 1850, and turned daily in February 1861. It is not only the oldest daily paper in the state but the only one of the first papers to retain its original name and place of publication.

The Oregon Statesman, for example, was started in Oregon City and had a period in Corvallis before taking up permanent residence in Salem. Such hyphenated names as Democrat-Herald, Gazette-Times, Enterprise-Courier and Register-Guard denote mergers over the years.

The Early Names

The name Daily Astorian comes close to the name of D.C. Ireland's original paper, and is the same as the paper after Ireland converted briefly to a daily operation. It was first the Tri-Weekly Astorian, then the Weekly Astorian. Ireland started publishing daily in May 1876, but that went just a month before reverting to a weekly. However, sometime in the late 1870s the paper went daily with the name The Daily Astorian.

From 1930 through 1960 this newspaper was the Astorian-Budget. Morgan Cox, who took over as publisher in 1959, disliked the name ("I have never felt the word Budget was a descriptive, appropriate or proper name for a newspaper.") and changed it to The Daily Astorian in 1961. Thus, the name went almost full-circle back to the original. For many long-time readers of this paper, though, it's still "the Budget."

This Front Page Was Printed A Century Ago

Oregon Spectator.

Marker for First Daily Astorian Office Off?

Research by a teacher in Lincoln County seems to show that the location of the office of the Tri-Weekly Astorian, from which The Daily Astorian descended, wasn't where the marker says it was.

In 1967, a 15-inch circular marker patterned after the newspaper's seal was placed in the sidewalk on the southwest corner of 10th and Commercial. The marker says the newspaper's first building stood on that corner, now occupied by the Pacific Northwest Bell business office.

Apparently the marker is inaccurate.

Roger Tetlow, journalism teacher at Toledo High School in Lincoln County, just received a master's degree in journalism from the University of Oregon. The subject of his master's thesis was D.C. Ireland, founder of the Tri-Weekly Astorian.

Southeast Corner

Tetlow says his research on Ireland turned up evidence that the paper's first building was on the southeast—not southwest—corner of 10th and Commercial, and that Ireland moved his operation to the southwest corner four years later.

Tetlow's article on Ireland in this section tells of the journalist setting up shop in 1873 in the Monitor Building which Tetlow says was on the southeast corner of 10th and Commercial. He quotes an announcement from Ireland's paper in 1877, which says the office will be moved into a building on the southwest corner of Cass (10th) and Squemoqhe (Commercial) streets, "sixty feet west of the old Astorian building."

A recording of property transactions, stored in the basement of the County Courthouse, dated Feb. 12, 1877, shows George Flavel leasing to D.C. Ireland property on the southwest corner of what is now 10th and Commercial (Block 26). Recording of the lease, which was for five years at $15 a month, makes no mention of the use of such buildings. However, all signs point to the probability that it was a new home, the second location, for the newspaper.

Morgan Coe, publisher of The Daily Astorian when the marker was emplaced in 1967, says his research and review of Tetlow's research leads him to believe Tetlow is right about the location of the first building.

What Next

What will happen to the marker?

Daily Astorian officials say it will be removed, which may be no small task, unless further research shows something different. Then efforts may be made to re-install it across the street.

Once a Green Astoria Reporter, Now Taylor Is Wall Street Editor

Celia Currin is on the staff of Forbes magazine, in New York. She is a University of Oregon graduate from Pendleton.

By CELIA CURRIN

"It is a very sobering experience to walk in the Pacific at 4 a.m. in the morning. That will clear your head up in very short order."

Fred Taylor, managing editor of the Wall Street Journal, the most powerful and prestigious financial publication in the country, grinned across the conference table in a private room off his office on Wall Street. He was reminiscing his years as a young green reporter for the Astorian Budget. It had been his first full-time journalism job.

"I had an awfully good time," says Taylor. "The people of Astoria were very good to me. I was really green. I can remember I wore a bow tie and a trenchcoat because I figured all newspaper men had to look like newspapermen."

Taylor had come to Astoria after graduation from the University of Oregon School of Journalism in 1950, on the recommendation of Art Litchman, athletic news director at Oregon. During his years at Oregon, Taylor had written sports news releases for the department, in addition to serving as associate editor of the Oregon Daily Emerald and the yearbook.

"The staff in Astoria were really pro newspaper men and they taught me a lot," says Taylor. "The managing editor was Fred Andrus, who had been in Astoria for many years. The city editor was Harold Hughes, now an associate editor at The Oregonian.

"I lived in a little one room place with a Murphy bed on the hill across from the hospital. One morning Andrus called at 4 a.m. 'Did I wake you up?, 'No.'

Ship Fire

"He lived on the hill and had seen a boat fire down in the harbor. Perhaps I should take a look. It turned out to be a Danish combination passenger freighter ship, a big one (the Erria). The weather was bad and it was moored just off Tongue Point. It caught fire and burned from stem to stern and 11 people died on it. It was so hot they couldn't get the bodies off for four or five days.

"It was quite a story and it was mine. Of course in those days you were expected to take

FRED TAYLOR

pictures. We were all equipped with a speed graphic camera with a 4 by 5 card on the back that said Step 1, Step 2. I took these really terrific pictures with which I was going to make a million dollars from Life magazine. Of course the camera didn't work.

"Another great event involved sports, which I covered part time. Astoria had a tremendous football team, very well balanced. But with a halfback named Dick Pavlat. He was a senior and he could do everything—he could pass, he did all the kicking and most of the running.

"Very early in the season they won a few games. Then they beat Longview one night and Pavlat did everything. I came back and wrote a story about them—saying Dick Pavlat and Company, formally known as the Astoria Fishermen. There was a type error when the story appeared, and formally came out formerly.

"People were enormously upset. They had a big assembly meeting at the high school denouncing me— it was all a team effort, there were 11 men out there, not just one. They hung me in effigy and when I walked into the next game the crowd booed. I did keep on promoting the kid. He ended up making the state all-star team and the team itself made it to the quarterfinals.

"My regular beat was the Country Courthouse and the sheriff's office. I covered a good murder, a lovers triangle. I also got my first real exposure to business news because I covered the fishing industry. Wendall Wyatt was city attorney at that time. It was obvious he was going to go places.

"The whole job was fascinating. I went out with the gillnetters and wrote about that. I don't know who read it because all those people were raised fishing. The paper was a good experience for me, but it was an awful education process inflicted on the readers."

Taylor worked on the paper two years after his college graduation, until he and his wife, a high school sweetheart from Washington High School in Portland, decided to see the world before they started a family. They took off for a five-month tour of Europe.

To New York

When they returned, broke and looking for jobs, an old U of O friend, Jim Wallace, came to the rescue. Wallace had worked for the Wall Street Journal. He introduced Taylor to the powers that be in the New York office and Taylor went to work on the copy desk in March of 1955.

"We had never been to New York," he says. "We thought we would stay six months. I worked nights and went sight-seeing during the day. We planned to go back home, but we never left."

The Air Force interfered with all plans, calling Taylor into duty six months after his return from Europe. Thinking they were sending him far from home, they sent him home—to Tacoma. "When I got out, I needed a job and the Journal offered me a job."

Since then he has spent time for the Journal in New York, Detroit, Washington and San Francisco. "Just about every time I said I'd had the East I got promoted," he says, explaining his residence. "Finally I got to the point where I gave up fighting and decided to stay. I'm comfortable with the paper. It was made to order for me."

Apparently the Journal is convinced Taylor was made to order for the paper. In August of 1970 he was named managing editor.

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Morgan Coe

We borrowed two hand mimeograph machines and finally located stencils ... at noon the first run was on the press.

. . . Columbus Day

From page 15A

Carrier boys were contacted and informed there would be a paper and what to expect at their drop so they would recognize their bundles of newspapers.

Andrus selected and edited the local stories in order to get as much information in the small paper as possible but in a condensed form. He then cut the stencils.

At noon the first run was on the press.

Tension was hidden by a great deal of kidding and joking.

The printers threatened a walkout because the editor was setting the type, and the pressman threatened a jurisdictional dispute because the printers were turning the crank on the press, a job they gladly gave up to the pressmen.

Many copies of The Daily Astorian of Oct. 13, 1962 are tucked away in the bottom of dresser drawers in the Sunset Empire as keepsakes and as a record of the destructive Columbus Day storm.

...Newspapers and Community

From page 17A

and gradually restored confidence in the community's future, not only among the bondholders but among the citizens. Gradually the debt was retired.

Chessman helped organize a locally owned bank to replace the banking void left by the bank failures of 1929. This bank succeeded and eventually became part of the U. S. National Bank of Oregon system.

Further to stimulate the economy of the area, Chessman and the Budget took a strong part in the fight to complete the Oregon Coast Highway, including the six bridges across the Rogue, Umpqua, Alsea, Yaquina, Siuslaw and Coos.

This effort succeeded and in four decades the Coast has developed from a howling wilderness to an economically prosperous and growing area.

Chessman's active brain developed another scheme to upbuild Astoria's battered economy.

In 1921 Clatsop County had donated the Tongue Point property to the U.S. government of a submarine and destoyer base at the mouth of the Columbia.

However, subsequent Navy survey boards made adverse reports. The Navy built a few wooden finger piers and cleared a few acres. The area then lay idle for more than a decade, useful only for a swimming hole, mooring of a few houseboats, and a dandy spot for the annual picnics of the Longshoremen, the Finnish Brotherhood and other groups.

Working on Navy

The Budget editorially demanded the Navy do something. Chessman organized the Columbia Defense League, a statewide organization dedicated to the proposition that the Navy should establish the base it had originally recommended or turn the property back to Clatsop County.

This led Chessman into probably the hardest fight of his career. The old-line Navy leaders opposed any development here, but some younger officers and some members of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives had the idea this would make a good spot for a seaplane base.

Chessman became the leader of this battle. It involved five annual long trips to Washington, D.C., to attend hearings, convince reluctant admirals, influence politicians and finally to interview President Franklin D. Roosevelt himself.

Chessman returned fuming from the meeting with Roosevelt, accompanied by James L. Hope, an Astoria attorney also prominent in the Columbia Defense League.

Both interpreted the President's remarks as a promise something would be done, but in his subsequent budget message he provided for no funds.

However, a year later success came and in 1939 the Tongue Point Naval Air Station was dedicated, just in time to see service in World War II.

Today, three decades later, Tongue Point remains a valuable asset to the community although no longer used by the Navy.

The accomplishments of Chessman and his newspaper are almost too many to remember.

He had much to do with promoting the short road from Portland to Seaside and later, as a member of the Highway Commission, was instrumental in having it named Sunset Highway, in honor of Oregon's 41st National Guard division, the Sunset Division.

He helped start a fund for a veterans' memorial library, which later became the Astor Library.

Chessman was born in 1886 in Alsea and was reared there. He attended Eugene High School and University of Oregon, graduating in journalism. He worked as a reporter for the Pendleton East Oregonian. He was married there to Daphne Leasure of that city.

In 1919 Chessman, in association with E.B. Aldrich, Fred Lampkin and Lee Drake of the East Oregonian, bought the Astoria Budget from the late John Gratke.

Chessman came to Astoria as editor and Drake as manager.

A few years later Chessman bought out Drake's interest and became editor and publisher.

In 1930 the owners of the Budget bought the rival morning paper, the Astorian, from the heirs of J.S. Dellinger and combined the two as the Evening Astorian-Budget.

At the time of the 1922 fire the Budget occupied a building on Exchange Street, about where the back door of the Safeway Store is now.

Some of the wags on the waterfront, in reference to what they sometimes considered over-optimistic forecasts by the paper about salmon fishing prospects, used to call the paper's location "The Exchange Street Drift," where the best fishing usually occurred.

Which is a reminder that one of the Budget's long-continuing struggles, under Chessman and those who followed him, was the effort to preserve the Columbia River commercial fishing industry against the dams that threatened its destruction from the 1930s onward, and in later years against efforts of some of the more extreme sportsmen's groups to wipe it out entirely.

Chessman accepted appointment to the Oregon Legislature in 1944 as state senator to help carry on the fight for strengthening the Oregon Fish Commission's regulatory powers, and succeeded.

MERLE CHESSMAN
Prominent Oregon Figure

He also fought for legislation to have the state take over the privately owned trans-Columbia ferry service here, and again was successful. This was an essential first step toward eventual construction of the Astoria Bridge.

In the years after World War II the old Exchange Street building became too small, so Chessman and his associates acquired the former Troy Laundry building at 10th and Exchange, converting it into a spacious newspaper plant. He was stricken with his fatal illness before the building was finished and never lived to occupy his office there, dying on September 1, 1947.

Despite the vast amount of time and energy Chessman devoted to community projects, he was essentially a newspaperman and a darned good one. In a larger field, he could have been a success anywhere. But he was happy and content to fight the good fight in Astoria, where he loved the town and the people.

He was a capable and thorough reporter, first of all. When he covered a story, he covered it in full detail and made it vivid and interesting. He had a gift for colorful and lucid writing.

He was also a superb editorial writer and a courageous one.

He had the knack of making and keeping friends. He could castigate some public official whom he deemed guilty of erroneous judgement, and do it vigorously but in such a way as to preserve the friendship of the castigated party. This was a rare quality, indeed.

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ROBYN GRAVES

PATTY CAMPBELL

Circulation

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JIM ROBINSON, BOB THOMAS

JERRY DAVIS

DOLLY DEMASE

PEGGY GELBRICH

NANCY BUTTERFIELD

ED STEEG

Newspaper Reflects Indomitable Spirit

By MIKE FORRESTER
Daily Astorian Editor

This newspaper and Astoria and the rest of the Clatsop area have been through a lot in the century since D.C. Ireland started the Tri-Weekly Astorian.

The ups and downs of the forest products and fishing industries, high hopes of Astoria becoming a "New York of the West," municipal bankruptcy, economic depression, the spirit and activity of war years, disastrous fires and damaging slides and floods, labor-industry strife, strong community spirit and recent, growing interest in the North Coast area as a place for resort and second-home development.

While a newspaper tries to be a neutral reporter of what goes on in its circulation area and tries to take some kind of leadership role, it is linked firmly to the area and people it serves. It becomes part of that area and those people and reflects them.

When fire destroyed downtown Astoria Dec. 8, 1922, staffs of the Astorian and the Budget lost no time devising ways of printing their newspapers even though their buildings had been burned out. An editorial in the Astorian said:

"Astoria will not stand in stunned dismay, pondering on a past disaster.... Let every citizen unite with the common purpose to advance, to grow again; let none lag; let none be dismayed.... Let's go."

Astorians did go forward to rebuild the town. The newspapers issued calls to move forward, but they also reflected an indomitable spirit of Astorians that has carried this community through in bad times.

The period of municipal and port bankruptcy in the 1930s was another example of when the newspaper and Astoria worked together to bring the town out of distress. The newspaper again reflected the strong will of Astorians that wouldn't buckle.

This has always been known as a "good newspaper town." Former editor Fred Andrus and others have said Astoria and vicinity probably produce more news per capita than anywhere else in Oregon.

Stories of ships, the ocean, the river, fishing, logging and lumbering, the tourist business, rich history, many ethnic backgrounds and opinionated, independent residents have made Clatsop County a newsy place.

Times have usually been unpredictable here, too.

As we head into Year 101, we look forward to reporting on the Clatsop area, having a role in its progress and continuing a partnership with the persons who live here. We hope readers will keep telling us their opinions and feelings about events and about the kind of job we're doing.

If tradition is followed, the next 100 should be interesting, too.

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GRADY PANNELL

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MICHAEL ZIEGLER

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